THE

Diverting MUSE,

OR, THE

Universal Medly.

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town.

The First PART.

Consisting of

I. The Wine-bibber's Wish.

II. Adviceto an Old Lady, who has bury'd Six Husbands, and sets up for the Seventh.

III. A Comical Dialogue between a Botcher and his Wife, after his return from the Ale-house.

IV. The first mounting of a young Excise-man for the Country, or good Advice to Broken Shop-keepers.

V. The Gossip's Visit, or an Ally-Comedy, call'd, Female Tittle-tattle.

LONDON:

Printed, And Sold by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-noster-row*, 1707.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

WINE Bibber's

WISH.

O Give me, kind *Bacchus*, thou God of the Vine,
Not a Pipe or a Tun, but an Ocean of Wine,
And a Ship that's well Mann'd with ſuch rare (merry Fellows,
That ne'er forſook Tavern for Porterly Ale-houſe;
May her Bottom be leaky to let in the Tipple,
And no Pump on board her to ſave Ship or People;
So that each jolly Lad ſhould ſuck heartily round,
And be always oblig'd to drink on or be drown'd.

Let a Fleet from *Virginia* well laden with Weed,
And a Cargo of Pipes that we nothing may need,
Attend at our Stern to ſupply us with Guns,
And to weigh us out Funk not by Pounds but by (Tuns

When thus fitted out, we would ſail croſs the Line,
And ſwim round the World in a Sea of good Wine,
Steer ſafe in the middle, and vow never more,
To renounce ſuch a Life for the Pleaſures on Shore,
The greateſt of which, beſides that of the Bottle,
Is a Whore that's no more than impertinent Tattle,
And is but at beſt one of *Pandora*'s Boxes
That poyſons the World with her Claps and her Poxes
From ſuch ſort of Plagues we would ever live free,
And like *Xanthus* lay Wagers we'd drink up the Sea;
Look chearfully round us and comfort our Eyes,
With a Deluge of Claret inclos'd with the Skies,
A Sight that wou'd mend a pale Mortal's Complexion,
And make him bluſh more than the Sun by Reflection;
No Zealous Contentions ſhould ever perplex us,
No Politick Jarrs ſhould divide us or vex us,
No *Presbiter Jack* ſhould reform us or ride us,
The Stars and our whimſical Noddles ſhould guide us

No bluſtering Storms ſhould poſſeſs us with Fears,
Or hurry us like Cowards from drinking to Prayers,
But ſtill with full Bowls we'd for *Bacchus* maintain
The moſt glorious Dominions o'th' Clarety Main,
And tipple all round till our Eyes ſhone as bright,
As the Sun does by Day or the Stars do by Night.

Thus thus would I live free from Care or Deſign,
And when Death ſhould prevail I'd be pickl'd in (Wine,
That is toſs'd over-board, have the Sea for my (Grave
And lie nobly Intomb'd in a Blood-colour'd Wave,
That living or dead, both my Body and Spirit
Should float round the Globe in an Ocean of Claret.
The trueſt of Friends, and the beſt of all Juices,
Worth both the rich Metals that *India* produces;
For all Men, we find, from the Young to the Old,
Will exchange for the Bottle, their Silver or Gold,
Except rich Fanaticks, a Pox on their Pictures,
Who make themſelves Slaves to their Prayers and (their Lectures
And think that on Earth there is nothing Divine,
But a Canting old Fool and a Bag full of Coin;

What tho the dull Saint makes his Standardand (Sterling
His Refuge, his Glory, his God and his Darling;
The Mortal that drinks is the only brave Fellow,
Tho never ſo poor he's a King when he's mellow,
Grows richer than *Craſſus* with whimſical thinking,
And never knows Care whilſt he follows his (drinking

Advice to an Old LADY, *who has bury'd Six Husbands and ſets up for the Seventh.*

FOrbear old Beldam, 'tis, I vow, a Crime,
To think of Wedlock thus a ſeventh time;
Age that has plow'd up your declining Face,
Robb'd you of e'ery youthful charming Grace;
Decay'd your Plumpneſs, melted down your Fat,
And left rude Furrows where your Cupids ſate,
New bleach'd your Eye-brows, ſnow'd upon your (Crown
And turn'd your ſable Locks to milky Down,

De-

Deſtroy'd thoſe Iv'ry Fences, that when young
Adorn'd your Ruby Lips and tun'd your Tongue,
Age that has made you Baren and Diſeas'd,
Jealous, perverſe, too peeviſh to be pleas'd;
Nauſious and uſeleſs in a Marry'd State,
Penur'ous, haughty, full of ſenſeleſs Prate,
Methinks by this time might have found a way,
To've made you Grave and Wiſe inſtead of Gay;
Can you not ſee in your deceitful Glaſs,
The flabby Wrinkles of your wither'd Face?
And how the greaſy white Pomatum ſhines
In all thoſe aged Creviſes and Lines,
Which flattering Unguent does too plainly ſhew
You are not only Old but Vicious too?
And that your Age, which no Device can hide,
Is ſtill diſhonour'd with your Luſt and Pride;
Patches and Paint, which fooliſhly you wear,
To give your ancient Face a modern Air,
Makes you, in ſpite of Art, appear before,
But like a rotten Houſe new painted o're,
Whoſe Front, although new daub'd, yet ſhews
And looks at beſt but ſcandalouſly gay. (decay

Your lofty Tow'r that's mounted up ſo high,
And gaudy Topknot of a youthful Dye,
Takes not one Year from off your wringled Brows,
But ſhews us you're an old laſcivions Blowze,
That courts th' Embraces of a ſeventh Spouſe;
So have I often ſeen a founder'd Jade,
Wretchedly old, and curſedly decay'd,
Adorn'd with Scutcheons Streamers, and with Plume,
Which did the hide-bound Jade but ill become,
Drawing a tatter'd Herſe by light of Torch,
From *Ruſſel*'s State-houſe to ſome neighb'ring Church,
Yet all his Trappings did but ill diſguiſe,
His ſpavin'd Heels, lean Sides, and hollow Eyes,
For ſtill the crazy broken winded Beaſt
Look'd old and ugly tho ſo finely dreſt.
And only fit to put the World in Mind
Of Death, the Conqueror of all Mankind,
Whoſe Carravan came rumbling on behind;
Juſt ſo, miſtaken Dame, tho you deſire
To hide your crippl'd Age with gay Attire,

Yet all's in vain, for whereſoe'er you move,
Death follows with his Dart inſtead of Love.

Therefore, for ſhame old Grannum think no (more
Of Wedlock, but your fruitleſs hopes give o're;
For mourning Weeds exchange your gaudy Dreſs,
That do ſo ill become that ancient Face.
Keep to your Cloſet, Penitence and Pray'rs,
Should be the Works of your declining Years.
Beg Pardon that your killing Charms have fed,
The Grave with ſix kind Husbands from your Bed.
Remain Content, and think them not too few,
The number is a above a Woman's due:
But if a Seventh Fool ſhould be decoy'd,
To ſhoot that Gulph which has 3 brace deſtroy'd,
And for your Wealth ſhould mount a fatal Jade,
That has ſuch havock of your Spouſes made,
May the Hot Oven of thy murd'ring Luſt,
Calcine him like the other Six to Duſt.

A Dialogue between a Botcher *and his Wife, after his return from the* Ale-houſe.

Wife.

I Find you old Sot that your riſing ſo ſoon,
Was to only have time to get Drunk before (Noon.
Mr. *Gundy* the *Smith* has been twice at the Door
And has vow'd you ſhall ne'er do a Stich for him more,
Becauſe you have fail'd him in turning his Suit,
By the time you ſo faithfully promis'd to do it.
Jol. Nimble the *Porter* too raves for his Britches,
For thoſe he has on are broke out in the Stitches:
He wants 'em ſo much, that he vows by this Light,
Either done or undone, he muſt have them to Night.
And now do you think you are not a fine Sot,
To neglect all your Work for the Pipe and the Pot;
At ſuch a time too, when you cannot but know,
What a Score at the Chandlers and Bakers we owe.

Botcher

Botcher.

A Pox of your Tongue, pray have you been (ripping,
The Coat I'm to turn for my old Neighbour *Tipping*:
No, yonder it lies in the very ſame plight,
That I left it i'th' Morn, ſo ſhall find it at Night.
No Mortal was ever ſure plagu'd with a Huſſy,
So Whoriſh, ſo Sluttiſh, ſo Sawcy and Lazy.
And muſt your damn'd Clack teaz me into the (bargain,
More loud than the Drone of a Bagpipe or Organ.
Be ſilent you Baggage, or elſe by the L——,
I ſhall meaſure your Ladyſhips Back with my Yard
And ſo tickle your Hump, that I'll make you to (know,
I am Maſter, you Whore, and will ever be ſo.

Wife.

You Cabbaging Thief, d'ye believe I'm affraid,
Thus to reaſon the Caſe when my Children want (Bread.
Do you think if the Neighbours ſhould know how (you uſe us,
They would not all ſay you're a Rogue to abuſe us.

Muſt you at the Ale-houſe ſit playing at Put,
And with ſtrong Beer and Brandy lye ſtuffing your Gutt,
Whilſt I all the Day ſtay at Home to ſave Charges,
And Live on ſmall Drink that's as ſower as Varges;
Which all Women know is ſo bad for a Nurſe,
That there's nothing you hard hearted Dog can be worſe.
It Poyſons my Milk, Gripes the Child in my Arms,
And fills the poor Infant with nothing but Worms.
Beſides, have I had any Victuals you Brute,
But a Mouldy old Cruſt and a Cucumber to't
Since yeſterday Noon, and d'ye think I can quiet,
And Suckle my Baby with ſuch ſorry Diet;
I vow and proteſt either keep to your Work,
And diſpatch what you now have in hand with a Jirk;
That my Infant and I may have ſomething to cheriſh
Ourſelves, or I ſwear Ill complain to the Pariſh,
And ſhould I do ſo, e'eryour many Days older
You'd be ſent like a Rogue as you are for a Soldier.

Botcher,

Botcher.

Here's Sixpence you Jade, won at Nine-pins to Day,
Who'd Work that can get ſo much Money at play.
Go buy a Sheep'sHead with thePluck hanging to it,
'Tis a Feaſt for a Prince, as you know how to do it.
I pray let the Scull be diſh'd up by it ſelf,
In the red Earthen Platter that ſtands on the Shelf:
The Brains with ſome Sage in a Rag muſt be boil'd,
And when butter'd, no Pap is ſo good for the Child.
Then cut out the Tongue while its hot from the Jaws,
And when ſplit and well par'd, lay it over theSauce;
But as to the Gather to me it's all one,
If you pleaſe you may Mince it or let it alone.
But *Betty*, one thing I had like to've forgot,
Pray beſure it's well waſh'd e'er it's put in the Pot.

Wife.

Would you have me to waſh it, not I by my troth,
Don't you know very well it will weaken theBroth,
What ſtrength will there be in the Porridge, I pray,
If the Blood and the Snivel be waſh'd all away:

I hope Goodman Ninny, I'm not ſuch a Child,
But I know how a Sheeps-head ſure ought to be
(boil'd;
Have I for your Palate cook'd ſo many ſcore,
And muſt I be thus tutor'd ſtill over and o're:
I ſay the beſt way, as I've often been told,
Is to put it i'th' Pot when the Water is Cold,
Unwaſh'd and unpick'd, and the Porridge and Meat
Will be, one the more ſtrong and the other more
(ſweet.

Botcher.

Well, pleaſe thy own ſelf, thou'rt a Slattern 'tis
(true,
Yet, I think thee to be the beſt Cook of the Two.
But prithee-now *Beſs*, let us Eat it in quiet,
For ſcolding thou know'ſt I abhor with my Diet;
So here's Two Pence Half-penny more I have got,
Of ſuch Beer as you love, let us have a full Pot;
That like Husband and Wife we may Drink and
(be Friends,
And at Night thou ſhalt find I will make thee
(amends.

Weſt.

Wife.

Why, is not this better than ſitting all Day,
At an Ale-houſe, and ſquand'ring your Money away;
To Greaſe a fat Sow, a great Tun-belly'd Blouze,
Who, when once you grow Poor, will forbid you her Houſe.
Ah! *John*, wert thou Sick, or ſhould any Man Goal thee,
Thy Hoſteſs, and tipp'ling Companions would fail thee:
In time of Affliction, I doubt thou would'ſt find,
Few Friends but thy Wife, to be loving and kind.
Come give her a Kiſs, and from hence take a farewel
Of this ſort of Life, and we never ſhall Quarrel.

Botcher.

I own I'm to blame, but I'll learn to be Wiſe,
I proteſt my dear Girl you bring Tears in my Eyes;
Well, be a good Wife, and not Chatter or Mutter,
And I'll mend my Life, thou ſhalt find for the future.

The mounting of a young Exciſe-man for the Country, or good Advice to Broken Shopkeepers.

WHoe'er deſires to be a fawning Slave,
A wand'ring Fool, yet to be thought a Knave,
A Servile Tool, to be remov'd and Toſt,
Without Juſt Cauſe from Pillar unto Poſt;
At leaſt Ten Guineas, let him firſt take Care
To raiſe, and next a ſliding Rule prepare;
With other Jimcracks by the Board thought proper,
To Gage a Brew-houſe from the Tun to th' Copper.
When thus equipp'd, and by ſome bungler Taught,
To uſe his Tackle as the Bubble ought,
Again, with humble Cringes muſt he go,
Before their Honours, that the Fool may know,
To what Welſh County or what Town remote,
They're pleas'd to ſend him when his Gold they've got.
Some

Some ſtarving Walk they doom to be his Fate,
Where needy Ale-wives do Exciſemen hate
And with their Verbal Thunder teaz 'em more
Than the Rude Rabble do a Drunken Whore.

Next, for his tedious Journey, he provides
Some founder'd Jade, whoſe Skeletonian Sides,
Lank Buttocks, bony Hips, and broken Wind
Denote him one of *Pharaoh*'s famiſh'd Kind:
When thus grown Maſter of a Spavin'd Beaſt,
Show'd Fifty times in *Smithfield-Rounds* at leaſt;
A pair of Boots at Second hand he buys,
To ſave his Hoſe from Duſt, his Legs from Flies:
Then like a Warrier with an armed Heel,
And by his Side a Scymetar of Steel,
His Dexter Leg does o'er the Saddle fling,
And mounts his Courſer with an active ſpring;
Then takes a Blunderbuſs or Muſquetoon,
And o'er his Horſes Neck ſupports the Gun:
When, like *Don Quixot*, that renowned Knight,
He's thus prepar'd to break the Way or Fight,
As Order'd by the Board, he muſt attend
Some Proud Collector to his Journey's End

To fortify his Bags, as up and down
The Money'd-Upſtart rides from Town to Town.
Where at each Stage the Scar-crow to a Thief
Is Valiant made with Pudding, Ale, and Beef;
Shews much Reſpect to an Imperious T-----
Sits like a Mute, and bows at e'ery Word.

When this is over, he aſſumes his Place,
Which lies remote among ſome heatheniſh Race,
Where he lives hated for a little Time,
At laſt is joſsl'd out without a Crime;
Not that he's Careleſs or Diſhoneſt been,
But muſt make way to let new Cullies in:
Who only with their Gold freſh Int'reſt make,
And Bribe their Ruin with their laſt poor Stake;
Which by ſome ſervile K----- is firſt receiv'd,
But handed upwards 'tis by moſt believ'd.

Thus is the Bus'neſs of that grand Affair,
Thro' wheedling hangers on, become a Snare;
Who with the pow'rful Petticoat prevail
To ſnack thoſe Golden Weights that turn the Scal
Theſe by Clandeſtine tamp'ring can with eaſe
Turn out, or in, what Officers they pleaſe;

Wh

Who to Admittance gain, muſt bleed and pray,
And thus at once both humbly bow and pay.
Therefore beware of thoſe my youthful Friend,
Who mighty Int'reſt with the Board pretend;
As Kinſmen, Vallets, and the Lord knows who,
They'll manage well for ſome, but ill for you.
Be careful how you pull your Money forth;
Give Nothing for it, for it's Nothing worth:
But if, like other Fools, you would be ſerv'd,
Buy your ſelf in, be ſoon kick'd out, and ſtarv'd;
May you be Curs'd and for a Soldier ſent,
And let that doom become your Puniſhment.

The GOSSIP'S VISIT: *Or, An Alley-Comedy, call'd,* FEMALE TITTLE TATTLE.

1 *Goſ.* NEighbour, Good Morrow! How d'ye (do?

2. *Goſ.* Thank you kind Neighbour, How do (you?

1 *Goſſ.* Tho' I'm in haſt, I could no more,
I Vow and Swear, paſs by the Dore

Without juſt calling in upon ye,
To take a Kiſs of *Little Johnny*,
Than I could fly ———

2 *Goſſ.* ——— 'Tis kindly done;
How does your Spouſe, and little Son?

1 *Goſſ.* All very well; But by the way,
How does your Husband do to Day?
I hear, poor Man, he'as got a Hurt,
I Vow I'm very ſorry for't.
How came this ugly Chance about,
I hope there's nothing Broke or out;
Alas, he's ill in Bed I fear,
Becauſe I do not ſee him here.

2 *Goſſ.* No he's at Work as he is us'd,
Altho' his Face is ſadly bruis'd:
A drunken Sot, 'tis no great matter,
'Twill teach the Fool more Wit hereafter.
If Men will Drink beyond their Senſes,
And put no bounds to their Expences,
But guzzle till they rave and ſquabble,
And fight each other croſs the Table;
If harm come's on't, the Sots I think,
May thank themſelves, or elſe their Drink. 1 *Go*

1 *Goſſ.* How was it pray, and what about,
Could two ſuch Loving Friends fall out
As *Clumſy Tom*, and your Good Man,
For they were always Cup and Can:
Alas, who'd think the Strong Beer Barrel
Should make ſuch old Companions Quarrel?

2 *Goſſ.* Why, *Tom* the Porter being Mellow,
And *Tom*, you know's a foul-mouth'd Fellow,
Happen'd, I think, in's Cups to call
My Husband Cuckold, that was all:
And he's a pieviſh ſilly Man
That cannot bear what others can;
So touchy when the Maggot takes him,
That even pointing thus, will vex him;
So that altho' 'twas only ſpoke
I dare to ſwear by way of Joke,
Yet was my angry Waſp as Eager
To fight, as if he 'ad been a Tyger,
When all the while, as *Tom* proteſted,
He meant no harm, but only Jeſted.
Cuckold, you know's a word of courſe,
What Man would think himſelf the worſe

For being call'd ſo, when he knows
The ſilly Name can't hurt his Brows?
However *John*, to ſhow his Valour,
Took *Tom* the Porter by the Collar:
And told him, That he'd make him Eat
His Words as ſurely as his Meat.
With that they fell to't croſs the Table,
And box'd as long as they were Able;
At laſt when both the ſilly Oafs
Were tir'd with Bruiſes Kicks and Cuffs,
And that their Breath was almoſt ſpent,
The Fools gave over by Conſent,
Shook Hands and drank to one another
Kindly, as Brother could to Brother,
So were good Friends the following Minute,
And this they ſay is all that's in it.
Only my Waſpiſh angry Sot
Is ſadly bruis'd, I pitty'm not;
But hope 'twill make the wrangling Beaſt
Know better how to take a Jeaſt.

1 *Goſſ.* But hark ye Neighbour, let me tell ye
You're in the wrong, I think ſo really:

For ſince your Spouſe took this Occaſion
To Vindicate your Reputation,
In my opinion, you in ſhort
Should value and Commend him for't.
Suppoſe an Ill-bred foul-mouth'd Lubber,
No matter whether Drunk or Sober,
Should openly my Spouſe diſgrace,
And Call him Cuckold to his face,
What muſt he make, ad's Fleſh and Life,
Of me that am the Cuckold's Wife?
Were any ſaucy *Jack* to Jeer him
With ſuch a Name, and I to hear him,
I Vow I'd have the Raſcal's Blood,
Or tear his Eyes out if I cou'd:
Cuckold, the very thought I vow
Makes me all Chill I know not how.
But, Bleſs me, what do I do here!
I muſt be running Home I'll Swear;
My patient Spouſe, I'll war'nt, will think
I'm gone to the Devil for his Drink;
But that's my Comfort that he knows
I vallue not his Words or Blows:

Look you, ſay I, be quiet *John*,
You know I'll give you two to one;
Well, but I vow I muſt be going,
He may well wonder what I'm doing.

2 *Goſſ.* What need you be in ſuch a hurry,
Pray ſit you down the time you tarry;
Tho', I confeſs, I ſcarce can Court ye,
My Brats have made my Room ſo dirty;
But tho' you ve chanc'd to catch me naſty,
I hope that makes you not ſo haſty.

1 *Goſſ.* Laird Neighbour *Spriggins*, what d'ye (mean,
I think you're always very Clean,
I wonder e'ery time I ſee it,
How you can keep your Houſe ſo neat.

2 *Goſſ.* Nay, don't you ſay ſo, for I vow
You Jeer me to ſome purpoſe now;
I know that your Houſe always lies
Like any Charming Paradice;
But as for mine, my Rampant Rogues
Run ſcamp'ring out without their Clogs:
And tho' new clean'd, if they come in it,
'Tis all o'er Dirty in a Minute,

1. *Goſſ.* It can't be help'd all People know
Where there are Children 'twill be ſo.

2. *Goſſ.* But well remember'd, I have got,
The pleaſant'ſt News juſt piping hot
You ever heard, I vow I'm ſorry,
I ſhould forget ſo good a ſtory,
And keep it from you all this while,
Becauſe I'm ſure 'twill make you Smile.

1. *Goſſ.* You know I'm truſty, pray declare it,
For I'm impatient till I hear it,
If 'tis a Secret talk the lower,
There may be Liſt'ners at the Door:
I want to know this merry Tale,
That is (you ſay) ſo Comical.

2. *Goſſ.* Don't you remember you have ſeen,
A Tall Young Minx with Topknot Green,
That us'd moſt commonly to go,
In Grazet Gown and Furbuloe?
Why ſhould I queſtion it, I'm ſure,
You can't do otherwiſe than know her:
She Lodge's with my Neighbour *Tuffen*,
I'm certain you have ſeen her often.

1. *Goſſ.* Yes, yes, I know the lofty Quean,
Is that the haughty Minx you mean;
If all be true as Folks report,
She's not a Stranger to 'he Sport;
Nay, ſome will ſay She's been at had 'em,
But pray what is your News of Madam.

2. *Goſſ.* Laſt Night it ſeems th' Informers watch'd her,
And in a Common Bawdyhouſe catch'd her;
Upſtairs upon a Bed ſome tell ye,
With *Stubs*'s, that naſty Rogue the Bailey;
For which my Lady and her Hoſteſs,
Were taken both before the Juſtice,
Who ſent 'em as he had good Reaſon,
To that moſt ſhameful Place New Priſon.
Stubs's Wife hearing what was acted,
Rattles and Raves like one diſtracted,
And is ſo furious that She crys out,
She'll pull her Noſe off and her Eyes out;
And vows if e'er the brazen Whore,
Comes near her Husband any more,

She'll ne'er forgive her the Affront,
But be her Death what e'er comes on't.

1. *Goſſ.* Truly I cannot blame his Wife;
I'd do the ſame upon my Life,
Such Strumpets by their evil Courſe,
Make honeſt Women fare the worſe.
They ſhall be Coach'd about the Town,
Forſooth, and treated up and down;
Go in their Silks and Laces Dreſt,
And Eat, Pox Choak 'em, of the beſt.
Whilſt we poor Fools that marry'd are,
Shall be grutch'd e'ery thing we wear,
And have no dainty bits but what,
Muſt be in hugger mugger got,
When you and I together go,
To my Dame *Gurton*'s Houſe or ſo,
To fling away a Market Penny,
Or ſpend a little Pinch-gut Money.

2. *Goſſ.* That's true, but could you think this Jade,
Who looks as modeſt as a Maid,

Should e'er be catch'd, a murrain on her,
Sinning in ſuch a ſhameful manner,
With that ill favour'd Fellow too,
The ugly'ſt Dog you ever knew;
E'faith it is a ſign She wanted,
Poor ſilly Slut to be gallanted,
Or elſe the Giddy thoughtleſs Trollup
Would never ſure have turn'd her Tail up,
To the worſt Rake-hell in our Ally,
A naſty ſetting Dog, a Bailey.

1 *Goſſ.* Lord how you talk, if once a Woman
T' oblige her wicked Luſt turns Common,
She'll lye with any Man to eaſe her,
That has but you know what to pleaſe her.

2 *Coſſ.* Well, but I'll ſwear was I inclin'd
To be like her, a little kind,
And did I really love the Sport,
But I'd not give Three Farthings for't,
I'd chuſe a Man to pleaſe my Fancy,
That ſhould be ſomething like a Tanſie,
Such as *Will Jinkins* or *Tom Und'ril*,
And not take up with e'ery Scoundrel.

1 *Goſſ.* Since you now talk of 'em I pray,
When ſaw you them ———————

2 *Goſſ.* ——————— The other Day :
They ask'd me kindly how you did,
And ſaid I know not what beſide ;
Tho' I could tell you if I wou'd,
But that I fear 'twould make you Proud.

1 *Goſſ.* Prithee let's hear, for I am certain
They could ſay nothing that there's hurt in
Well, Neighbour, I ſhall ne'er forget,
How merry we were all one Night ;
What, will it never ſo fall out,
That we may've ſuch another Bout :
Jinkins I ſwear's a jolly Blade ;
But Prithee tell me what they ſaid.

2 *Goſſ.* Why truly if I muſt be free,
They ſaid you're excellent Company,
And would be very glad once more,
To meet us where we Drank before.

1 *Goſſ.* I vow they both were very Civil,
I dare believe they mean no Evil ;

I'll meet 'em there at any time
If you are willing, where's the Crime:
But bleſs me what am I doing,
Well, I proteſt I muſt be going,

2 *Goſſ.* Why ſo uneaſy of a ſudden,
Pray Eat a bit of Beef and Pudding.
Believe me I'm extreamly ſorry,
I've nothing elſe to ſet before. ye.

1 *Goſſ.* Thank you good Neighbour Pudding (Cold,
Is ſaid you know in Proverb old
To ſettle Love, but mine already
Is, G--d be thank'd, fix'd and ſteady.

2 *Goſſ.* Lord Neighbour how you Pick and Piddle,
Pray Cut a Luncheon in the middle;
I wiſh'd you with us when 'twas Hot,
Pray Eat whilſt I go fetch a Pot.

1 *Goſſ.* Hold Neighbour, ſtay and take my Mony'
We'll have Two Quarts if we have any;
I have not Drank I dare to ſay,
Above One ſingle Pot to Day.

2 *Goſſ.* Pray put your Money up, d'ye think
I'll give you Victuals and no Drink.

1 *Goſſ.* Nay take it———

2 *Goſſ.* ———But I vow I won't.

1 *Goſſ.* I'll ſwear you ſhall.———

2 *Goſſ.* ———Nay prithee don't.

1 *Goſſ.* Pray let us have no more diſpute,
But add I ſay my Three Pence to't;
Beſure as long as I have Money,
I'll not put all the Charge upon ye.

2 *Goſſ.* I vow I hate this as I live,
Why ſhould you be ſo poſitive;
I'm ſure when e'er I viſit you,
You give me Drink and Victuals too;
And therefore Neighbour you're to blame,
You will not let me do the ſame;
But ſince you will do what you liſt,
Tell me what Drink you like the beſt.

1 *Goſſ.* I'd have ſuch Liquor if I cou'd,
That makes good Milk and breeds good Blood.
Stout Knappy Ale, for to my thinking,
That's proper'ſt for a Nurſes drinking;

If you'll but ſpeak to honeſt *Nan*,
You know ſhe'll pleaſe us if ſhe can:
Tip but the Wink upon the Slut,
She'll Crown it with a daſh of Stout;
The Maſter's but a ſurly Hog,
Beſure you give the Wench the Jug.

2 *Goſſ.* But leaſt my *Johnny* ſhould awake.
Before I happen to come back,
I beg you Neighbour whilſt I go,
To jog the Cradle with your Toe.

1 *Goſſ.* Take you no Care I'll mind the Child,
But pray now let the Drink be Mild;
For if She puts too much oth' Stale in't,
I'd's live the Jade ſhould lay her Tail in't.

Exit one Goſſip with the Pitcher.

The other to the Child in the Cradle.

1 *Goſſ.* Huſh, Lullaby my dainty Moppit,
How pale thou look'ſt my pretty Poppit;
Let's tuck thee in and keep the warm,
Poor little Fool thou think'ſt no harm:
What wicked cruel Sluts muſt they be,
That e'er could hurt ſo dear a Babee;

Yet

Yet have I heard of bar'brous Whores
Who've drop'd their Brats at other's Doors;
I'm ſure I could at *Tyburn* ſwing,
Rather than do ſo baſe a thing;
Let ſuch a Slut ſay what ſhe can,
That Woman cannot love a Man,
To drop a Child of his begetting,
That will be yielding or abetting,
What tho its ſinfully begot,
The Infant is not in the Fau't,
That had no Pleaſure in the Sport,
Why therefore ſhould it ſuffer for't,
The ſinful Action all-agree,
Is paſt before the Child can be.
How then can wicked Parents blame
The Babe for being got in Shame;
As if unthinking Innocence
Had bore a ſhare in the Offence.

[*Enter Goſſip with the Drink.*]

——Here's Ale, you merry Crack,
As ſtrong as Mum, and clear as Sack;

See how it ſmiles, no Bottle Drink
Can bear a better Head, I think.

1. *Goſſ.* It looks moſt rarely, I confeſs it,
But drink, for that's the way to praiſe it;
Come let's remember, if you will,
Young *Jenkins* and *Tom Underhil.*

2. *Goſſ.* Done, here's their Healths withall my Heart,
I'd off with't were the Cup a Quart.

1. *Goſſ.* Well done, old Girl, I love to ſee
A Woman take it heartily,
And not make Faces when ſhe drinks,
As if ſh'was ſuch a modeſt Minx,
That could not drink one flowing Bowl,
Altho ſhe loves it with her Soul;
And in her Chamber or her Cloſet,
Will take off ten when no Man knows it.

2. *Goſſ.* Neighbour, you ſee I fill it up,
I love to drink a hearty Cup,
Come Goſſip, here's the 'foreſaid Health,
May they have alwaps Strength and Wealth,
That the two PP's may never fail 'em;
But don't you play the Wag and tell 'em;

For 'tis not fit that Men ſhou'd hear
What Women tattle o're their Beer; [*Drinks*
'Tis gone Efaith, I'll ſwear 'tis good,
I feel't already in my Blood.
This *Nan* I vow's an honeſt Trout,
The Gypſy has not ſpar'd the Stout,
'Tis ſoft and ſtrong, I really think
No Duches can have better Drink.

1 *Goſſ.* Marry come up, why ſhould not we
Quaff as good Ale as Quality;
We pay for't honeſtly I'm ſure,
My Lady *Flirt* can do no more;
Nay, ſome of 'em, for all their Pride,
Or elſe they baſely are bely'd,
Eat, drink and wear what Tradeſmen find
They pay for when the Devil's blind.

2 *Goſſ.* Why truly Neighbour, tho they ſquint
At us, poor Folk, there's nothing in't,
But Pride, Conceit, and Oſtentation,
Meer Vanities too much in Faſhion;
'Tis true, they patch and paint their Faces,
And wear rich Silks and *Flanders* Laces,

Powder their Arm-pits and their Hair,
Uſe Orange Water you know where,
Anoint their Skins with ſweet Pomatums,
To charm the Beaus and ſuch Fool-atums;
When poor Folks ſhould, they uſe ſuch Art,
Would ſmell as ſweet in e'ry part,
And were they but adorn'd as gay,
Would look as beautiful as they.

2 *Goſſ.* Good Neighbour drink, I hate delaying,
I vow I ſhall be hang'd for ſtaying.

1 *Goſſ.* Laird you're ſo haſty, come her's t'ye,
Remembring honeſt——let me ſee,
Prithee do you Name who't ſhall be,
Let me be kiſs'd if I can think
What Health to Name or whoſe to Drink.

1 *Goſſ.* Amongſt old Sweethearts, are there none
That's worth your preſent thinking on;
No Spark among the Am'rous Crew,
That you ſtill love, or that loves you.

2 *Goſſ.* Yes I am ſure, there's honeſt *Will*
The Coachman, truly loves me ſtill;

Come drink his Health, he'd fain have had me,
But nothiug could, forſooth, perſwade me;
A Thouſand ways he ſtrove to win me,
But I believe the Dev'l was in me,
Or elſe I'd had the beſt of Men,
But I was young and fooliſh then,
Yet tho at laſt it prov'd my Lot,
To wed with ſuch an idle Sot.
If there be truth in what Men ſay,
Will loves me to this very day,
Which makes my froppiſh Fool ſo yellow,
He can't be civil to the Fellow;
But thinks, becauſe the Sot has ſeen us
Shake Hands, there's God knows what between
(us
I *Goſſ.* What's the Jug out, well, Neighbour,
(now
muſt be running home I'll vow.
With what Excuſe muſt I aſſwage
My fretting Husband's thirſty Rage?
Where have you been, you Whore? Quoth he;
You Rogue, ſay I, what's that to thee:

No

No hang it, that will never do,
For Blows will angry Words enſue;
He ſent me for a Pint of Drink,
Therefore the better way I think,
'Sto carr' him home a double Pot,
And that I'm ſure will pleaſe the Sot.
Neighbour, farewel, what ſhifts we Wives
Are forc'd to make for quiet Lives.

2 *Goſſ.* Good by' t'y' kindly; I am ſure
Maids little think what Wives endure.

FINIS.

THE Diverting MUSE, OR, THE *Universal Medly.*

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town.

The Second PART.

Consisting of

The Humours of a Coffee-house.
Sollitary Enjoyment, or the Pleasures of Contemplation.
An Off-hand Epitaph upon the Weasel.
A Lampoon upon two Sisters, famous Strumpets in the City.
The dying Husband and the joyful Wife.
The Resolute Lady.
The plain Dealer.
A Dialogue Song between a forward Youth and a young Lady.
The Rakes Call to the dead Philosophers.
The double meaning Lover.

☞ *Note*, That nothing will be admitted into the following Miscellany, but what we have good Assurance shall be entirely new.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Paternoster-Row*, 1707.

THE HUMOURS OF A *COFFEE-HOUSE.*

WHen ſoothing Red had warm'd my teeming Brain,
And flow'd with eager haſte from Vein to Vein,
That happy Juice ſo pleaſing to the Taſte,
And much too noble to be drank in waſte;
Finding weak Nature by exceſs quite tir'd,
And all my purpleMaſs by drinking fir'd;
I mus'd a while to think of what was good,
To check th' inebrious Fever in my Blood:
At laſt remembring I had heard the Fame
Of Coffee, I reſolv'd upon the ſame,
That ſable Porridge by the Saints approv'd,
And for its ſober Virtues ſo belov'd,

Might work that happy Change for which 'tis prais'd,
And quench that Flame the Fumes of Wine had rais'd:
When thus determin'd, I the Tavern left,
Of Sence and Silver equally bereft;
But had five penny worth of Mumper's Braſs,
Made currant by the ſtamp of Royal Face;
Juſt a fit ſum when all the reſt was gone,
To read dull News and ſoberize upon.
So thoughtleſs Spend-thrifts, when they're fluſh'd with Coin
Will one day at *Pontack's* or *Locket*'s dine,
But on the Morrow with dejected looks,
Muſt pennance do at ſome poor boiling Cooks.
To the next Coffee-houſe I reeling ſtalkt,
And croſs-leg'd, like a drunken Taylor, walk'd;
At length I ſtagger'd to the Place deſign'd,
And blunder'd in at Door like one that's blind,
Which ſhut upon my Heels with ſudden clap;
I'm caught, thought I, this ſmoaky Room's a trap,
Where ſober Fools by ninny Broth and News,
Votes, Gazettes, Obſervators and Reviews,
In wrangling Crowds are tempted to debate
Their different Judgments of the Church and State.

I ſate me down as gravely as a Prieſt,
Drunk as a Lord, tho ſome ſays as a Beaſt,
And call'd for ſcalding Coffee like the reſt.
That *Turkiſh* Drink by *Indian* Drug made ſweet,
O'er which ſuch buzzing ſwarms of Blockheads meet;
The dingy Soop was to my Hand convey'd,
And Lies in Volums were before me laid,
Where Driping-pan of Tin in order ſtood,
Fill'd with clean Pipes, ſome broke and others good;
That each grave ſmoaking tranſitory Gueſt,
Might ſhew his Wit in chuſing which was beſt;
Stoppers, as Garniſh, did adorn the Diſh,
Like Smelts and Gudgeons round a Bisk of Fiſh,
That e'ery funking News-hound that ſat down,
Might ſize a Rammer to his brittle Gun,
By which more Sots are in one Twelvemonth ſlain,
Than Marſhal Heroes in a long Campaign;
If I judge raſhly, tell me if you can,
You that conſult the various Fates of Man,
Which of the two does greater Miſchiefs breed,
Infernal Powder, or the helliſh Weed:

The one, 'tis true, does ſudden death convey,
And kills in perfect Health without decay;
But t'other is the Devil's milder Curſe.
That dries our Intrailes by its pois'nous force,
And kills by Sickneſs, which is ten times worſe:
Mankind miſtake, who raiſe unnatural Drouths,
By ſucking in the Venom at their Mouths,
It's only rightly taken by the Horſe,
Whoſe Farrier ſticks the Pipe into his A—,
That when the groaning Jade ſo hard is bound,
He can no Dung produce for Barren Ground;
The ſubtil Fumes may ſome relief afford,
And bring forth what's leſs naſty, tho a T——d.

Near to the Pipes, my wand'ring Ogles found
A brazen Engine wrap'd with Candle round,
From whoſe extenſive length one wou'd have thoug
It had not been by weight, but meaſure bought,
So faſt the flaming Taper burnt away,
As if 'twas meant to ſhew the quick decay
Of all thoſe tranſitory things below,
That Muſhroon like, ſtart up a while and grow,

ll Time and Chance diſſolve each noble Frame,
e bluſt'ring Hero and the haughty Dame,
filthy Dirt and Dung, from whence their nice
nd ſqueamiſh Honours had at firſt their riſe,
o flatter'd for their Money here on Earth,
ith empty ſounds of their illuſtrious Birth,
nd made divine by Poets and by Prieſts,
hen they're ſo far from Gods they're nearer Beaſts.
ow o'er my ſcalding Broth I hung my Noſe,
ſnuff the Fumes that from the Soop aroſe,
hich in my Noſtrils did again condenſe,
nd ſo in Cryſtal Pearls diſtill'd from thence;
iſtake me not, I would not have you think,
y Snout return'd its dripings in my Drink;
ch nauſeous Lines might purge like *Saffold*'s Pills,
nd be eſteem'd leſs modeſt than his Bills:
herefore enquire no farther, if you do,
hether or no the beaſtly hint be true,
nſwer like a Churl, What's that to you?

When the kind Vapours of the ſober Grout
ad eas'd my Brain by paſſing thro my Snout,

And

And my fermented Maſs that burnt and boil'd
Before, was now much better reconcil'd.
I rais'd my Head, and roul'd about my Eye,
To ſee what various Humours I could ſpy,
What ſundry Objects were at preſent fit
To rouze my Genius and awake my Wit;
The ſpacious Room did firſt my Fancy pleaſe,
Like *Greſham* Colledge hung with Rarities,
Gilt Frames in mighty numbers lin'd the Walls,
One with Encomiums upon *Spaniſh* Balls,
The moſt effectual Means the World can uſe,
To varniſh Boots or blacken ruſty Shoes.
A ſecond in Pathetick Words ſet forth
The Fame, the Uſe, the Excellence and Worth
Of Leathern Strops for Razors, truly known,
To far exceed a Whetſtone or a Hone.
A third the Vertues of a Drink proclaim'd,
So rich, ſo good, ſo pleaſant and ſo fam'd,
That without ſweating, vomit, purge or flux,
Would cure the Gout, the Stone, the Itch, the Pox,
And make the Patient, to a ſhaddow worn,
As ſound and healthy as the Child new born.

The fourth in Hyperbollick Phraſe applauds
That famous golden Cordial of the Gods,
Call'd *Nectar & Ambroſia*, Meat and Drink,
To make Muſicians ſing and Poets think;
Who may for two-pence like *Apollo* dine,
And by the heavenly Food be made divine,
For four broad Pieces of our Copper Coin.
Mix'd amongſt theſe were Crowds of Empricks Bills,
In praiſe of Gouty Drinks and Pocky Pills,
That e'ry Quack of Fame had here a Place,
From Colledge Blockead down to Doctor *Caſe*;
Female Pretenders too had here and there
Their Lacker'd Frames to recommend their Ware,
That the kind Cuckold might inform his Shrew,
What Wonders ſuch a famous Dame can do,
How ſhe can ſtop Effuſions and remove,
Thoſe Faults that hinder the Effects of Love;
Tho Doctreſs Beldame is at beſt no more,
Than a ſly Bawd to e'ery barren Whore,
That firſt diſcovers where the anguiſh lies,
And next apleaſing Remedy applies,

Procures a well fed Stullion for the Dame,
Whoſe ſtrenuous Toils abate the raging Flame,
Till their repeated Joys at laſt provide
An Heir for which her Spouſe in vain has try'd:
Thus the great Greivance of the Wife is eas'd,
The Doctreſs paid well, and the Cuckold pleas'd;
Who hugs and doats upon his darling Son,
But little thinks which way the Feat was done,
Aſcribes the Bleſſiings to the skilful Dame,
And thus our ſhe Phyſitian gets a Name.

Next towards the Barr I turn'd and gaz'd a while,
Where Pills and Potions ſtood in rank and file;
Rang'd in this order I ſuppoſe for ſale,
To kill the ſick and macerate the well,
That their damn'd poys'nous Drenches might prepare
Patients for thoſe whoſe licenc'd Cheats they are,
Or *Warwick-lane* would no diploma grant
To foreign Quacks and Knaves ſo ignorant,
That never had, on Earth, the leaſt pretence
To any Art, except 'twas Impudence;

That *Iriſh* Talent which prevails and thrives,
Whilſt modeſt Merit unregarded lives;
But 'tis no wonder that it gains the ſtart,
And climbs above true Virtue and Deſert,
Since Knaves and Blockheads make the greater part.

Now to the Range I turn'd both Eyes and Noſe,
Where boiling Pots and Kettles hung in rows;
Beneath whoſe dribling Cocks uncover'd ſtood
A range of little Pots, the younger brood,
Like hungry Neſtlings gaping for their Food;
For each decocting Veſſel by the Fire,
That fed the Fools from Cobler to the Squire;
As faſt as empty'd by the craving Gueſt,
Drew freſh Supplies from Mother Kettle's Breaſt.

Amus'd enough with theſe I chang'd the Scene,
And turn'd my Eyes from Coffee Pots on Men,
Objects more worthy of my Muſes view,
Much more informing and diverting too.

Retir'd into a Nook remote, there ſate,
Two Coxcombs prating of they knew not what

Re-

Gravely condemning each Intriegue of State;
This was too ſoon puſh'd on and that to late;
When both their narrow Souls had ne're been bred
Above the reach of Needles, Pins and Thread;
Bleſs me thought I, how vain a Wreteh is Man,
That every Blockhead ſhall pretend to ſcan
Thoſe dark Arcana's wiſely kept in play,
To guard the Great and make their Slaves obey.

Next to theſe Stateſmen, muſing at a Game
Of Drafts, two Cuckholds ſate, both Men of Fame,
Sent hither by their Wives, as ſome report,
Who, in their abſence, find much better Sport,
Hnd whilſt their Husbands play with Men of Wood,
Purſue a nobler Game ith Fleſh and Blood,
At which kind Paſtime they refreſh their Joints,
And leave their Husbands to their Cuckolds Points.

A Knot of ſober Puritan ſate next,
Demurely looking, neither pleas'd nor vex'd,
As if the light, which they ſo much eſteem,
Was rambled forth and left them in a Dream.

So bobbiſh were their Wigs, ſo broad their Hats,
So ſmall their Bands, ſo little their Cravats,
As if their wild Enthuſiaſtick Whims
Conſiſted only in ſuch vain Extreams;
And that the Fools believ'd Religion dwelt
In puritannick Sleeve and flapping Felt;
Sometimes the Spirit mov'd a drawling Saint,
To gravely utter ſome Prophetick Cant,
Of which the liſs'ning Saints ſuch Notice took,
As if 't'ad been by ſome good Angel ſpoke,
Tho e'ery Sentence ſo preciſely ſtiff,
Was gravely ſtop'd with periodick whiff,
And mixing with Tobacco's nauſeous fumes,
Scented with rotten Teeth and periſh'd Gums,
Vaniſh'd in Smoke, as all ſuch Nonſence ſhou'd,
That when its utter'd, does more Harm than Good.

Next theſe a Taylor and a *Greys-Inn* Clerk,
Sate wiſpering in a Corner ſomething dark;
At laſt I heard the young Attorney cry
Nouns, what d'ye mean? Upon my Soul, you lie;

Blood,

Blood, ſays old Stich, ſpeak ſuch another Word,
I'll box your Ears for all you wear a Sword,
I'll ſwear, or take the Sacrament upon't,
That Sute's not mention'd in the laſt Account;
Says Snap, I'll hold a Guinea or a Quart,
In my laſt Bill that I allow'd you for't,
And that I'll prove, altho you huff and rave,
By your own Hand, that you're a lying Knave;
Crys Pricklouſe, I confeſs, the World believes
That thriving Taylors commonly are Thieves,
But Lying is a Talent that belongs
To you that cheat us, with your Pens and Tongues;
Therefore pray give not me that Reputation,
Which is the ancient Badge of your Profeſſion;
Look ye, ſays Lawyer Snap, there's your Account,
And there's my Bill that juſt does tantamount,
Caſt 'em both up, and do the Sums compare,
I'm ſure you'll find 'em even to a Hair;
Pox take you, ſays the Taylor, for a Knave,
Yo'un conſcionable Snap-jack, wou'd you have
One Sute of Law to ballance two of Cloaths,
Is this the way you Scribes become ſuch Beaus?

atch me again at Law, and I'll be bound
ext minute after to be hang'd or drown'd;
ive me thy Hand, if Taylors go to Hell,
awyers are damn'd, for certain, ſo farewel.

Others were talking of the fam'd Prince *Eugene*,
nd highly prais'd him for a trnſty *Trojan*,
Whilſt greater Lovers of the *Engliſh* Throne
Oppos'd his Fame with Heroes of our own,
Whoſe Deeds are greater (to the *French*'s coſt)
Than all our *Engliſh Eugenites* can boaſt.
Therefore could humane Hearts and Thoughts be ſeen,
The World would find ſuch Faction and ſuch Spleen,
In all thoſe Saints, who, whereſoe'er they come
Thus miſapply that Fame that's due at Home;
For 'tis a Maxim with each holy Brother,
To praiſe one Prince thro Envy to another.

Others were warmly talking of *Thoulon*,
And into wild Diſputes and Cavils run,
All roaring at a time, as if they meant,
Their brutiſh noiſe ſhou'd paſs for Argument,

And

And that the loudeſt Reaſonings, by the reſt,
Shou'd be eſteem'd the trueſt and the beſt;

At laſt a Butcher of a monſt'rous ſize,
Sawſily bold, and fancyfully wiſe,
Whoſe Market Manners, and whoſe tarniſh'd Coin,
Were both together gain'd by *Rumpford* Swine,
Got up and ſtinking both of Blood and Sweat,
He made this gen'rous Offers in a Heat;
Becauſe you think us Butchers greaſy Fellows,
Noiſy in Tavern, Coffee-houſe or Alehouſe,
And that we're ſuch a pack of ſorry Creatures,
That want the Sence to canvas foreign Matters,
I'll hold a Hog to half a Flitch of Bacon,
The *French* are beat, and that *Thoulon* is taken,
Or twenty Mark to ten with any on ye,
Chuſe which you pleaſe, the Swines-fleſh or the Mony'
I am the Man that dares to do't, that's plain,
I've Goldmy Boys, here Tapſter, *go again* †.

† *A Bear Garden Phraſe which Butchers are apt to uſe upun all Occaſions.*

At this Propoſal all the reſt were Cow'd:
And now grew ſilent, who before were loud;
Whilſt the fat Swineherd, boaſting of his Pelf,
Banter'd the Fools and pleas'd his greaſy ſelf;
Till one by one they did their Reck'ning pay,
Quitted their ſooty Pipes and ſneak'd away.

Next theſe another ſet of graver Fools,
With Noſes ſaddled with their Spectacles,
Sate ſhaking of their Sides at ſome dry Bob,
That paſs'd between the Country-man and *Nob*,
Highly applauding e'ery golden Line,
This for its Wit, and that for being fine;
Bleſſing the Author as a Man inſpir'd
With all the Gifts that ſuch a Task requir'd.

Others with mighty Zeal were ſetting forth
The florrid Bombaſt, and the wond'rous Worth
Of *Foe*'s Reviews, extolling e'ery Part,
Writ with ſuch Warmth, and penn'd with ſo much Art,

Commending all his Modesty and Sence,
So free from Scandal and Impertinence,
Admiring all the jingle of his Words,
Which e'ery strenuous Line, tho Prose, affords
That none can read him but must really own
Himself is often by himself out-done.

The Room by this time was become less full,
The Hour grew late, and the diversion dull;
So Home I reel'd as stupid as a Block,
Whilst croaking Watchmen cry'd past Twelve-a-clock.

Sir,

WHoever you are that obliged us with the following Subject, tho it be a little too serious for our Design, yet according to your Request we have presented you and the rest of the World that shall think it worth their Reading, with a short Poem upon the same, which we hope you will accept as a small requital of your Kindness, and excuse the insufficiency of those who subscribe themselves your humble Servants upon all like Occasions.

Solita-

Solitary Enjoyment: Or, the Pleasures of Contemplation.

WHen *Phœbus* had exhal'd the Winter's Floods,
And Nature had adorn'd the Fields and Woods,
That every Mead her verdant Mantle wore,
With Gold and Purple Flowers embroider'd o'er,
Whose beauteous Charms administred Delight
To humane Soul as well as humane sight,
Subliming from the World each humble Thought,
Tow'ards him who all these mighty Wonders wrought,
And teaching us at e'ry glance to know
The Pow'r that dwells above by things below.
For who beholds so excellent a Frame,
Must needs adore the Author of the same;
As he that views an admirable Piece,
Nobly descended or from *Rome* or *Greece*;
Pleas'd with the artful strokes, he next enquires
The Author of the Work he so admires,
Gives him that Praise that's owing to his Fame,
And always speaks with Rev'rence to his Name.

Thus when the Spring in all her Beauty clad,
Made Birds and Beasts like humane Nature glad,
Finding the nobler part of Man, my Mind
To Contemplation seriously inclin'd,
I left my Closet and those darling Friends,
My Books, who serve me for no secret ends,
But void of Lucre faithfully impart
Such Councils that instruct and please the Heart,
To spend some hours in the refreshing Fields,
And muse on the delights which Nature yields;
Hoping in such Variety to find
New Wonders to enlarge my narrow Mind.

For who that's fill'd with an immortal Soul,
Can sensibly observe 'twixt Pole and Pole,
The numerous Blessings to our uses given,
And not extend his grateful Thoughts to Heav'n.

With folded Arms my Progress I began,
And gently mov'd like some enamour'd Swain;

Gazing with Pleaſure, e'ery Step I took
Upon the flowry Mead or Cryſtal Brook,
Whoſe Murmurs ſeem'd to glorify his Name,
Who firſt gave motion to each purling Stream,
As if inanimates in Nature's School
Were taught (more Shame for the Athieſtick Fool)
To praiſe, tho deſtitute of Soul or Senſe,
The Works and Mercies of Omnipotence,

At laſt I came to a delightful Grove,
Where *Philomel* in Songs proclaim'd her Love,
And am'rous Turtles on each lofty Tree,
With Chooings mollify'd the Harmony;
The kind Refreſhments of a gentle Breeze,
Fann'd the aſpiring Branches of the Trees,
Each bowing to the Wind their tow'ring Head,
Moſt pleaſing Whiſpers to my Ears convey'd,
Whilſt the reviving Glories of the Day
Did here and there 'twixt drooping Boughs make way
And darting in its Beams divinely bright,
Marbled the dusky Shade with ſtreams of Light;

Bleſs me, thought I, how vain is humane Kind,
By Pride corrupted, and by Wealth made blind,
That can, for vicious Pleaſures, diſagree
With theſe Delights ſo innocent and free;
And to the ſhortning of their days admire
Expenſive Joys, which every Fool may hire;
Such as are baſe and ſinful whilſt they laſt,
And nauſeous in Reflection when they're paſt,
So vile and odious to a modeſt Ear,
That when enjoy'd they'll no Rehearſal bear;
But in a moment loſe their pleaſing force,
And terminate in Scandal and Remorſe;
So angry Fools will in a furious heat
Purſue Revenge becauſe they think 'tis ſweet,
But when they've gratify'd their Rage, they find
As Paſſion cools, the Evil leaves behind
The Horrour of a ſad deſpairing Mind.

I ſate me down my happy Soul to pleaſe,
Beneath a Towring Canopy of Trees,
Whoſe yielding Branches bended o're my Head,
And ſporting with the Wind, ſweet Muſick made.

Whilſt I (with humble Thoughts to Heaven reſign'd)
njoy'd the Treaſure of a peaceful Mind,
Bliſs the Worldlings of a vicious Age,
ould never find upon this publick Stage,
Who ſlight the beſt things to purſue the worſt,
nd only labour to be more accurſt;
greedy Fools deſert their Native Soil,
neath the Torrid Zone to ſweat and toil;
rſake for baſe and mercenary Ends,
heir Wives, their Children and their deareſt Friends,
nd all the Comforts both of Life and Health,
gorge their boundleſs Avarice with Wealth:

From Sinful Paſſions free I gaz'd about,
ppy within, and pleaſed with all without;
eet Contemplation fill'd my Mind with Eaſe,
nd buſy'd all my nobler Faculties;
he various Products I beheld around,
hat rais'd their tops above the fertile Ground,
ch ſpreading Oak by Nature's bounty fed,
hat from an Acorn rais'd its lofty Head,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſollid Trunk, and whoſe extenſive Arms,
Had been ſo long preſerv'd in ſpite of Storms,
Which Wonder is alone enough to ſhow
How Providence protects the World below.

The feather'd Choriſters whoſe warbling Throats
Delight Mankind with their harmonious Notes,
Whoſe minute Bodies tho of ſlender force,
Can move with greater ſpeed than Stag or Horſe,
And do with equal Safety bear we find,
The Rage and Violence of the bluſt'ring Wind;
Therefore we ought no Creature to deſpiſe,
Becauſe it little ſeems to humane Eyes,
Since e'ery Bird, tho ſhort of humane Sence,
Is bleſt with ſome peculiar Excellence.

The gaudy Flow'rs, whoſe Colours pleaſe the Sight,
And by their fragrant Odour yield Delight,
That from their Beds ſtart up amuſe the Eye,
And when they've plaid their Part, in ſilence die;
That humane Race from thence might meditate
The ſudden Changes of a mortal State,

And learn to live prepar'd that we might be
From hence transferr'd to Immortality.

My Contemplations next I fix'd on Earth,
From whence theſe Beings had at firſt their Birth;
That fertile Nurſe who with her Plenty feeds
The various Fruits and Offsprings that ſhe breeds,
And does ſo fond and kind a Mother prove,
So full of Pity and maternal Love,
That when her Sons are dead ſhe gives them reſt,
And hugs their Lifeleſs Relicks in her Breaſt;
Bleſt be the tender Mother, who from thence
Learns how to cheriſh Infant Innocence;
That fruitful Matrons may their duty know,
And to their Sons the like Indulgence ſhow,
Which Providence extends to all below.

Theſe and a Thouſand various Products more,
That the exuberant Soil in order bore,
Fill'd me at once with Wonder and Delight,
When rightly ſcann'd, tho common to the Sight;

For ſenceleſs Atoms ſure could never dance
Into ſuch order by the Pow'r of Chance,
Nor jumbled Mites by accident compoſe
The meaneſt Brute that lives, or Plant that grows,
For could conſenting Atoms ever join,
To make a Man a Monkey or a Swine;
Why ſhould not now the Particles that riſe
From putrid Bodies 'twixt the Earth and Skies,
Jump into Order as they us'd to do,
And produce ſomething wonderful and new?
For could the various Fumes that range above
Their Senceleſs State to form, and Life improve,
That to convince the World the Clouds might rain
Plants, Monſters, brutiſh Animals or Men,
Then *Moſes* to *Lucretius* ſhould ſubmit,
And Athieſts be alone deem'd Men of Wit.
But till ſuch Demonſtrations I ſhall ſee,
With Scripture and with reaſon I'll agree,
And ſtedfaſtly believe the Great and Wiſe
Omnipotence that rules above the Skies,
That God, for Mercy upon whom we call,
To bet he great Original of all;

Are

With theſe Reſolves I left the happy Grove,
And to my Books return'd all Peace and Love;
Pleas'd with the Moments I ſo well had ſpent,
And fill'd with all the Sweetneſs of Content;
Theſe are the laſting Riches of the Mind,
The Wiſe alone in Contemplation find,
Whilſt all the noiſy buſtle of the Great,
Their Wealth and Pow'r, their mighty Pomp and State,
Their Mercenary Slaves, who ſerve for Coin,
And envy every Mouthful when they dine;
Are but a Peſt and do thoſe Cares create,
That Plague the mighty Men on whom they wait.
Their beauteous Dames to ſatiate their Luſt,
And foreign Dainties to oblige their Guſt;
When once made common to the Taſte or Sight,
Are ſtale, and will no longer yield Delight,
Grow flat and nauſeous when the Fancy's cloy'd,
And change to be thoſe Plagues they wou'd avoid.

But Contemplation teaches us to uſe
Thoſe Pleaſures which, without, we of: abuſe;

Kindly inſtructs us how we ought to ſteer
Our Lives in e'ery thing and e'ery where;
Does the whole World in proper Colours ſhew,
And calls to our imaginary View,
Something that's always good and always new.

An Off-hand EPITAPH *upon th* WEASEL.

Here lies within this holy Place,
The Lord have Mercy on him,
The Weaſel in a wooden Caſe,
Exempt from humane Plagues, unleſs
You lay his Wife upon him.

Some People think if this was done,
Tho dead he wou'd be ready
To riſe before his time and run,
The Lord knows where, in hopes to ſhun
That Termagant his Lady,

Since he is gone, 'tis hard, that ſhe
Shou'd be ſo long deſerted;
Why Death ſhou'd'ſt thou ſo partial be?
Since all good People do agree,
'Tis pity they were parted.

Pray bid her, when ſhe comes, not prate,
But hold her teazing Nonſence;
For if the Weaſel ſmels a Rat,
He'll fly his Wife I'll tell you that,
As once he did his Conſcience.

A LAMPOON *upon Two Siſters, famous Strumpets in the City.*

TWO Siſters there are,
Both obliging and fair,
With agreeable Faces and Bodies,
Who ſome ſay are naught,
Yet they fain wou'd be thought
Full as chaſt as *Diana* the Goddeſs.

They are merry and gay,
As our Milk-maids in *May*,
And are open and free in Behaviour,
You may ſmuggle and grope
For a Pint at the Pope,
But muſt pray for the ultimate Favour.

They are no common Drabs
But two dutiful Babes,
Who maintain both their Father and Mother,
By wagging their Scuts,
They provide for their Guts,
Both of them and a bullying Brother.

Who therefore can blame,
Or upbraid them with Shame
For playing at Hey diddle diddle,
Should they be reſerv'd,
All the Clan muſt be ſtarv'd,
Then O why ſhould their Arſes be idle?

They range its well known
All the ends of the Town,
And delight to be kind as their pritty,
They Trade, by report,
From the Noble at Court,
To th' Apprentice that lives in the City.

Their Jilting and Loving,
With Heaving and Shoving,
Maintains the whole Family round,
And ſhould not the Cracks
Earn their Food on their Backs,
Soon their Bellies would empty be found.

The Mother connives
At their Libertine Lives,
They ſin on with her Approbation;
The Brother defends
For ſome ſneſter Ends,
Their Honour and Reputation.

He'll challenge the Man
Who ſhall offer to ſtain
His Siſters, with any Reflection;
But yet has more Wit,
Than to meet or to fight,
For a Sword he has no great Affection.

The Dad was a Bumm,
But he ſold for a Sum;
To be Bawd is the Pride of their Mother,
The Daughters win Hearts,
Thus they all act their Parts,
And the Bully is plaid by the Brother.

Between a dying Husband and a joyful Wife. A SONG.

DEareſt *Chloe*, I muſt leave you,
From your ſweeteſt Charms remove;
Let not worldly Joys deceive you,
Theres no Truſt in Wealth or Love.

I have Riches, you have Beauty,
You are faithful, I am juſt;
Yet now I'm call'd to pay my Duty,
All can't ſave me from the Duſt.
O I faint, my Head grows dizzy,
And my ſtarting Eye-balls roul,
Death's approaching now to eaſe me,
O ye Gods receive my Soul.

Widdow.

O ho! Is he gone? 'Tis the better for me,
His Wealth and my Beauty do bravely agree,
Such Bleſſiings another will quickly obtain,
Then why ſhould I mourn for the loſs of a Man,
No, no, no, not I, no, no, no, not I,
For another more jolly his Place ſhall ſupply.

The Reſolute Lady. A SONG.

BE gone, be gone, thou Traytor of my Breaſt,
No more betray, no more diſturb my Reſt,
Have I ſo kindly freed you from your Chains,
And to my Ruin, eas'd your love-ſick Pains;
Hugg'd you ſo oft within my tender Arms,
Pitty'd your Wounds, and heal'd them with my Charms
And how can you at laſt, ingrateful Man,
Reward ſuch faithful Love with your Diſdain?

But ſince that Love's a Boy,
So fooliſh and ſo blind,
No more ſhall you enjoy,
No more will I be kind;
I'll now defy his Darts,
Ne'er wounded be again,
But ſtrive to conquer Hearts,
And triumph o'er their Pain.

No Cringes, Bows, or Sighs,
Shall my Affections win,
No Flatt'ries, Vows or Lies
Shall draw me further in;
I'll airy be, and vain,
But neither kind or true,
And thus revenge on Man,
The Wrongs I've found from you.

The Plain-dealer. A SONG.

MY dear *Celinda*, you may love,
Or if you please be froward;
Be which you will, I'll neither prove
A Martyr or a Coward.
If you are kind I'll be so too,
If cunning, I'll be wary,
For these two things I'll never do,
That's either hang, or marry.

If for one Night you will be kind,
And yield me your Embraces,
So long I'll ſwear to be confin'd,
In ſpite of all new Faces;
But if you hope, thro a Miſtake,
That I ſhould love you longer,
I'd have you ſtay till I can make
My Reſolutions ſtronger.

An Aſſurance of Conſtancy. A SONG.

Belinda, why do you diſtruſt,
So faithful and ſo kind a Heart,
Which cannot prove to you unjuſt,
But muſt it ſelf endure the ſmart.

No, no, my dear, the wandring Stars
Shall ſooner ceaſe their motion,
And Nature reconcile the Jars
'Twixt *Boreas* and the Ocean.

The fixed Poles ſhall rather move,
And ramble from their Places,
E'er I'll from fair *Belinda* rove,
Or ſlight her charming Graces.

A Dialogue Song between a forward Youth *and a young* Lady.

COme hither, deareſt pritty Miſs,
Why thus afraid of Man?
A Virgin ſure may take a Kiſs,
Whoſe Waſte is but a ſpan.
Your Glances wound, your Kiſſes kill.
I long for ſomething elſe;
My Dear forgive me if I feel,
I only mean your Pulſe.

Girle.

Tho young I am, kind Youth, I know,
When you've one Favour got,
That you'll not be contented ſo,
But do I know not what.

O dear be civil, what d'y do,
I vow and ſwear I'll tell,
When once I gave an Inch, I knew
That you wou'd take an Ell.

The Rake's Call to the dead Philoſophers. A SONG.

OLD *Seneca*, *Plato*,
Epicurus and *Cato*;
Ariſe from below and direct us,
The Good that we know,
To your Morals we owe,
For Religion does only infect us.

II.

We preach and we pray,
Like Saints e'ery day,
Yet diſſemble and lie for Preferment,
And for Intereſt diſown
Both our God and the Throne,
Yet are taught to believe there's no harm in't.

III.

III.

Thus the World is mis-led
And by Teachers betray'd,
For the Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing are many;
That Religion does ſeem
But a whimſical Dream,
And the Man but a Fool that has any.

The Double-meaning Lover. A Song.

I.

O Lovely Nimph, have pity on your Swain,
And let him not be martyr'd with Diſdain,
Take Pattern by the Gods and Mercy ſhew,
He ſtoops to Fate, leſt reſcu'd ſoon by you.

II.

O lead me to ſome pleaſant ſhady Grove,
Where Nimphs and Shepherds breath their faithful (Love

And there where Linnets ſing and Thurtles choo,
I'll tune my Voice and ſing in praiſe of you.

III.

But if groaning and pining,
And ſighing and whining,
I find at the laſt will not win ye;
I ſhall think, by my Soul,
I'm a damnable Fool,
If I dote on the Charms that are in ye.

IV.

Tho I ſigh and I tremble,
I only diſſemble,
In hopes by that means to deceive ye,
But as ſoon as I find
You're too chaſt to be kind,
By my Soul I ſhall ſuddenly leave ye.

THE

Diverting MUSE,

OR THE

Universal Medly.

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town.

The Third PART.

Consisting of

A Wither'd Whore's Peep into a Looking-glass at forty.

The Riddle.

Morning Observations on a topping Tavern over a Pint of Canary.

A Poem upon Mr Wood, a Derbyshire *Gentleman's marrying three of his Children on the same Morning.*

Wine beyond Love, or a Bottle before Beauty.

The London *Bawd.*

The Maiden Dream.

The ungrateful Mistress.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Pater-noster-Row*, 1707.

In Answer to a Letter dated from St James's

A

Wither'd Whore's Peep

INTO A

LOOKING-GLASS at Forty.

) Lefs me how pale and wither'd do I look?
How dull my Skin, how ſtrangely am I broke?
e theſe the Charms that ſo inſlav'd the Town?
theſe the Eyes that have ſuch Conqueſts won?
e I'm bewitch'd, this cannot be the Face
s'd my ſelf to doat on in my Glaſs,
at was all airy, beautiful and gay;
is mark'd with Age and wrinkled with Decay,
oſe Cheeks would bluſh without the help of Art,
eſe Lanthorn Jaws would make a Lover ſtart,
t Face had Eyes that ſparkl'd like a Gem,
s Looks too dull and dead to be the ſame,

Thoſe lovely Brows were full of Cole-black Hair,
Theſe are inclin'd to grey and almoſt bare;
Thoſe Lips were ſoft and of a Crimſon Dye,
Theſe have their Colour loſt, are parch'd and dry;
Surely my Glaſs isfa lſe, this cannot ſee be
The Charming Creature that I us'd to ſee, ſee.,
She had a Mouth with Ivory Teeth beſet,
Theſe are reduc'd to Stumps as black as jet;
Her Noſe was finely ſhap'd, from redneſs free,
This full of Rubies, ſtain'd with Ratifee;
Her Forehead lofty, ſmooth and full of Grace,
This blotch'd and furrow'd like a Granam's Face,
Her conquering Smiles the coldeſt Heart could fire,
And in the ſtricteſt Vertue raiſe Deſire;
But theſe ill favour'd Looks do rather fright
The Amorous Youth than feed him with Delight.

Confound the Sex that led me firſt aſtray,
And taught my Youth to haſten on Decay,
Who by their Flatteries won me to their Arms,
And pleas'd their Luſt with my unwary Charms:

Where are you now ye ſighing Fops and Beaus,
With all your fulſome Lies and treacherous Vows,
Whoſe Guineas us'd to fly, and happy he
That could with Gold ſeduce me to be free;
Who is't adores me now my Beauty's fled,
What gen'rous Fool ſolicites for my Bed?
Which of you all, now I am paſt your ſport,
Will give a generous Crown tow'rds my Support?
Not one, but leave me now I'm old and worn,
To ſerve ſome flogging Leachers beaſtly turn;
Or elſe with tatter'd Scarf, without a Charm,
To hang for bread upon ſome Bailiff's Arm.
Curſe on ye Dog that did my Youth betray,
Pox, Pills and Potions, haſten your decay,
From Female Witchcraft may you never be free,
Still love but always diſapointed be;
Not by the Lady you wou'd fain debauch,
But may your Manhood fail when you approach
Lov's ſecret Lab'rinth, where the Bleſſing lies,
And when ſhe's falling may you neverriſe,
But ſtill in vain your luſtful ends purſue,
And teaz the longing Dame but nothing do,

Till vex'd and tir'd, she bounces from the Bed,
Ne'er the more Whore, or e'er the less a Maid:
Thus may your Lust be the Disease of Age,
And still torment you till you quit the Stage,
But when you hug the Object you admire,
May Impotence still frustrate your Desire,
And make you fumble on till you expire,

The RIDDLE.

A Whim there is, that's valu'd much by Fools,
A windy Gugaw, tho a Sovereign Cheat,
Contriv'd by Tyrants to advance their Tools,
For Flatt'ry more than Honesty or Wit.

A Royal Fly-blow that Engenders Pride,
An empty Something that has nothing in't,
In Thought exists and no were else beside,
Tho often nam'd in Writing and in Print.

The happy Man that does the Prize poſſeſs,
Altho he's forc'd to give it to his Wife,
Yet cannot find he has a jot the leſs,
Becauſe he ne'er cou'd ſee it in his Life.

To thoſe that wear it, we that are without,
Bow low, yet ſcarce can give a reaſon why,
For thoſe that have it we have cauſe to doubt,
Firſt got it by ſome ſecret ſteps awry.

Tho that ſtrange *Hidra*, the misjudging Crowd
Thinks Vertue can alone the Prize obtain,
But wiſer Heads can ſee 'tis oft beſtow'd,
For wicked Actions, upon wicked Men.

Fools, Traytors, Baſtards, very oft we find
Bleſt with the Bauble, look Auſtere and Great,
Then who would ſuch a vain diſtinction mind,
That lies expos'd at ſuch an odious rate.

Tho

Tho oft 'tis join'd with Power and Command,
And makes a mighty bluſtring noiſe at Court,
Yet like an Adjective that cannot ſtand
Without ſubſtantial Wealth for its ſupport.

When poor 'tis ſcandalous, when rich 'tis proud.
Deſpis'd by wiſe Men, and by Fools admir'd;
By a ſtrange Hocus it refines the Blood,
But without Wealth it ſeldom is deſired,

The Woman ſhares the Bleſſing with the Man,
No Lord or Lady is without the Toy;
Then tell me, honeſt Reader, if you can,
What 'tis ſo many Sons of Whores enjoy.

In Anſwer to a Letter out of Darbyſhire, *upon Mr* Wood's *Marrying one Son and two Daughters, upon the ſame Day.* A POEM.

SInce foreign Fields by the deſtructive Sword,
Have long with *Engliſh* Purple been manur'd,

And numbers of our Youth are ſent afar,
To reap the Glories of a proſp'rous War;
'Twas bravely done at once, O generous *Wood*,
To wed three Children for the publick Good,
At ſuch a Time when *Brittain* wants a Breed
For the next Age that does in courſe ſucceed,
That by a Wainſcot Race, as tough and hard
As ſturdy Oak, the Loſs may be repair'd,
For ſure thy Son that wears the Nuptial Clog,
Altho a *Wood*, will prove no uſeleſs Log,
For if he ſhou'd, his Wife may juſtly blame
The Branch and curſe the Root from whence he came,
Mourn that ſhe's wed to ſuch a wooden Stick,
And wiſh him at the Devil's Arſe i'th' Peek;
But yet we hope h'as pleas'd the pretty Soul,
And to ſome purpoſe pegg'd Love's Auger Hole,
And that he fells his Underwood each Night,
To his own Comfort and his Bride's Delight.

As to thy Daughters, they diſdain to prove
Unactive Blocks in the Affairs of Love,

The knotti'ſts Sticks the Female Race can ſhew,
Tho ne'er ſo crabbed yet they'll buckle too,
Therefore if rightly prun'd there is no fear
But both the tender fertile Plants will bear
Fine Fruit, to your great Comfort e'ery year.
That Chips of the old Block may riſe apace,
And all the County boaſt thy Wooden Race,
Which like the Branches of an Oak ſhall ſpread,
When the old Trunk is wither'd and decay'd.

Morning Obſervations upon a topping TAVERN *over a Pint of Canary.*

MY jolly Muſe deſcribe that drunken Scene,
A Tavern, where ſo often thou haſt been;
Set forth that tempting Paradice of Fools,
Where cringing Slaves obey and *Bacchus* rules;
No matter what gay Sign adorns the Walls,
Or whether near St *Michael* or St *Pauls*;

For next the Church of God, we always find
The Devil builds a Chappel to his Mind;
What if the Front does for diſtinction wear
The King, the Pope, the Devil or the Bear;
Be't what it will, within there's Potent Wine
Will make a Man the likeneſs of the Sign,
Great as a Prince, or beaſtly as a Swine.
No Monſter can their bungling Dawbers frame,
But Man, when drunk, will ſometimes be the ſame;
Therefore the Pendant Scutcheon, tho a Beaſt,
Is but by turns the Picture of the Gueſt;
And by its wav'ring motion, does denote
The tottering Poſture of a reeling Sot,
The painted Buſh that dangles in the Air,
Adorn'd with Golden Jimcracks here and there,
On top of which the drunken God beſtrides,
A little Hogſhead and in Triumph rides,
Altho of late ſo artfully contriv'd,
From May-pole Garland 'twas at firſt deriv'd,
Where Country Clowns and Milkmaids us'd to meet,
And to the Bagpipe ſhake their clumſy Feet,

Till verdant Circles, by their conſtant Tread,
Altho manur'd with Sweat, were barren made.

But the fine Gugaw which at firſt was wove,
With Greens and Flowers from each Mead and Grove,
Advanc'd aloft on *Flora*'s joyful day,
In honour to the Pagan Queen of *May*;
Is now, alaſs, for vicious ends, abus'd,
And as a drunken Sign by Chriſtians us'd;
If Vintners (who to all Religion's Shame
Poiſon our Bodies and our Heads inflame)
Can Merit that bleſt Character or Name.

When with no ſmall Amuſement I had view'd
The noble Front that like a Palace ſtood,
Where curling Irons and the coſtly Sign
Were Emblems of th' extravagance within,
Which Fools commit when over powr'd with Wine;
For no ſuch outward Vanity is ſhown,
By any but the Vintners Trade alone;
I bolted in, where in the Bar there ſtood
A lovely Piece of tempting Fleſh and Blood,

Beauteous by Nature, but by Art improv'd,
Dreſt with deſign to be admir'd and lov'd.
About ſhe rowl'd her Eyes when I appear'd,
And when a jilting Glance ſhe had conferr'd
Upon me at my Entrance, ſhe began
To ſummons with her Bell, the ſervile Train,
And with her Syren's ſhril enchanting Voice,
To ſing the Names of all her Men and Boys,
Here *Bacchus*, *Fenwick*, *Alexander*, *Tom*
Where are you? Show the Gentleman a Room.
Said I, I'm ſingle, have no Friends to meet,
Shew me ſome little Box that's next the Street,
Where I may ſit and for a while employ
My Pipe, and by my ſelf my ſelf enjoy.
With that the Drawer congey'd with a Grace,
And led me to a ſnug convenient Place,
Where, thro a Caſement I could gaze about,
And ogle who came in and who went out;
I pull'd a Chair, ſat down and gave the Word
For the beſt Sack the Cellar could afford,
Such as our upright Fathers drank of old,
When Virtue ſcorn'd to be debauch'd by Gold,

And Conſcience arm'd with Juſtice would diſdain
To change its ground for either Fear or Gain,
Such as our antient Poe ts choſe to drink,
Who did not only write and Rhime but think,
That Mortals might behold in e'ery Line,
Such charming Force in melting numbers ſhine,
As ſhew'd each powerful Thought refreſh'd with Wine
The Drawer bowing, on his Word profeſt
He'd peg a Flower and bring me up the beſt;
But firſt there's Sixpence for your ſelf, ſaid I,
I only bribe you 'cauſe you ſhou'd not lye;
Thank you kind Sir, the fawning Slave reply'd,
I'll bring you Wine no Tavern draws beſide.
Then nimbly as a Mercury he ſprings,
The Token, tho 'twas little, gave him Wings;
Money with ſpeed makes all Men go and come,
The Noble flies to meet the greater Sum;
The niceſt Lady 'twill alas bewitch,
Raiſe but the Bribe above her Virtues pitch,
Nay *F*——and *S*——, tho ſo grave and wiſe,
Who o'er offending Mortals Tyranize,

If they the Golden tempting Bait deny,
And on the cringing Donor look awry,
'Tis only 'cauſe the Preſent does not bear
A due Proportion with the Robes they wear,
For Gifts and Bribes muſt always ſuited be
To the Receiver's Poſt and Quality,
A piercing Judgment is required to know
How much we ought exactly to beſtow,
If too profuſe, we're by our ſelves abus'd,
And if too nigardly, the Bribe's refus'd,
So to the Courtier I the medium leave
Who by conſulting with the Knave in's Sleeve,
Knows better what to take and how to give.

—

By that time theſe digreſſive Thoughts were ſpent,
For Thought ſometimes will be impertinent,
The Draw'r whoſe Abſence I a while had mourn'd,
Was from the Cellar with the Wine return'd;
With elevated Hand he fill'd the Glaſs,
Whilſt the brisk Attoms ſparkl'd in my Face,
That by its lively Looks I underſtood,
Fenwick was honeſt and the Wine was good,

Thus

Thus prepoſſeſs'd I taſted of the Juice,
And found the Nectar free from all abuſe,
So quick, ſo rich, ſo noble and divine,
So powerful, ſo angellically fine,
That it deſery'd ſome greater Name than Wine.

Thus far oblig'd, I with my ſelf agreed
To waſt one drouthy Pipe of *Indian* Weed,
And o'er my Wine in eaſy numbers draw
Familiar Pictures of what e'er I ſaw,
That common Opticks might behold each Part,
Free from the vain Imbelliſhments of Art,
Which, tho they add much Beauty to the Piece,
At the ſame time they make the Likeneſs leſs,
Do with lame Nature too far diſagree,
And hide thoſe naked truths the World ſhould ſee.
Juſt ſo the flatt'ring Artiſt when he paints
The Picture of a Dame who Beauty wants,
With melting ſtroaks he ſmooths the dowdy Face,
And to each feature adds ſome charming Grace,
That who beholds the Piece can only ſee
Not what ſhe is but what ſhe fain would be.

Thus as I muſing ſate o'er Wine and Weed,
Like ſnarling Critick with a thoughtful Head,
Or that, like *Timon*, I'd abjur'd the baſe
And treach'rous Company of Humane Race;
To live abſtracted from the Publick Stage,
And grin at all the Follies of the Age.
At laſt, I fix'd my volatile Conceits,
And tow'rds the preſent Subject bent my Wits;
Watching the Tavern Entry to deſcern
What Company came in, that I might learn
How fawning Sweet'ners get Eſtates by Wine,
Whilſt gen'rous Souls in Circumſtance decline,
Nay, whilſt more Merit and Induſtry too,
Shall the ſame wealthy Ends in vain purſue;
Which ſhews that Fortune cares not to impart
Her Smiles to Men of Honeſty or Art;
Vertue, on Earth, but ſeldom meets Reward,
Tis Vice alone that ſwells the Miſer's hoard,
Raiſes the Scoundrel to a Chair of State.
And makes the Fool diminitive, look great,

Improves the Vintner to a bulky Beaſt,
And gives him Pow'r to Lord it o'er his Gueſt,
But this can prove no Wonder to the Wiſe,
Who know 'tis natural for the Scum to riſe.

No ſooner had I drank a ſecond Glaſs,
And tow'ards the Tavern Poſtern turn'd my Face,
But in their joſtl'd an uncommon Crowd
Of Tradeſmen, warmly talking very loud;
One with a Boatſwain's Voice, above the reſt,
His fiery Zeal moſt croakingly expreſt:
Says he, they're Fools, I'll hold 'em two to one,
That at this time we're Maſters of *Toulon*,
Has not Prince *Eugene* all along prevail'd,
In what Adventure has his Army fail'd?
The Glory is reſerv'd for him alone,
To pull the *Gallick* Tyrant from his Throne,
You'll find in this Campaigne, that he'll do more
Than all the Vict'ries we have gain'd before.

Well ſaid, thought I, a Man may eaſily read
Thou'rt a true Branch of the ingrateful Breed,

Who ſoon forgets the noble Actions done,
By *Britain*'s Champion and the Battles won,
That brought ſuch Triumphs to the *Engliſh* Throne.

But thoſe Fanaticks that abhor the Name
Of Crown, take Pleaſure to eclipſe it's Fame,
And out of meer ill Nature and Diſguſt,
Bury thoſe Glorious Actions in the Duſt,
Perform'd by Kings tho ne'er ſo Great and Juſt.
Ring, ring, here *Bacchus*, crys the Lady fair,
Where are you, ſhow the Tyger or the Bear,
Tho ſpoke by chance, it prov'd to me a Jeſt,
Both proper Rooms, thought I, for ſuch a Gueſt,
Who by their brutiſh Rage and Fierceneſs ſhew
Themſelves worſe Creatures than the former two.

Next out of Coaches lighted at the Door,
A Wedding near in number half a Score;
n came the Bridegroom ſtepping with a Grace,
Mark'd with the ſigns of Cuckold in his Face,
f we by Features and by Limes can ſee
Men's Fortunes by their Phiſiognomy;

Joi'nd

Join'd to his dexter Hand, the wanton Bride,
Fine as a Queen, walk'd gigling by his ſide,
Wholly to Mirth reſign'd, as if the Jade
Was pleas'd to think how ſhe had noos'd the Blade,
Behind, each Brideman with his Maiden Dame,
Coupl'd like Doves, in loving Order came,
Throwing their am'rous Glances to and fro,
That their kind Looks might let each other know
They envy'd in their Hearts that ſweet delight
The marry'd Pair were to enjoy at Night;
Theſe were ſucceeded by ſome choſen Friends,
By whom perhaps the Bride obtaind her Ends,
For ſince, like Whoring, Wedlock's grown a Trade,
Few Matches are without Procurers made.

A Peal was now rung loudly at the Bar,
Run, *Bacchus*, run, crys Madam, to her Draw'r,
Down with the ſliding Wainſcot, help him *Dick*,
That parts the Greyhound and the Horns, quick, quick
(The Bridegroom happ'ning to be tall and thin,
Long viſag'd, ſlender back'd and very lean,

Seem'd by his Bluſhes to be much aſham'd,
Becauſe he was ſo like the Beaſt ſhe'd nam'd)
Pray, Gentlemen and Ladies, walk up Stairs,
There's a large Room will anſwer your deſires;
Here, *Fenwick*, *Tom*, *Jo*, *Alexander*, *Harry*,
Wherei'ſt you hide, a Pack of Sots where are ye?
Show up to the great Room, and pray take Care
(D'ye hear) that all things in good order are.
So up they mounted, airy, brisk and gay,
To jog their Tails and ſolemnize the Day,
And did their am'rous panting Hearts reſign
To the kind Gods of Marriage, Mirth and Wine.

The Morning Whetters with their ſparkling Eyes,
And flaming Noſes, now began to riſe
From their ſide Tables by the Kitchin Fire,
That publick Room which Trading Sots admire,
And thro the Entry ſlide by two and two,
Half drunk with White-wine and with *Lisbon* new,
Some reaching, poyſon'd with their Breakfaſt Pipes,
Some with wry Looks complaining of the Gripes,

Whilſt

Whilſt antient Sots with Gention Gills and Drams
Had numb'd their Noddles and relax'd their Hams,
That as along the crazy Sinners went,
They kindly paid a double Complement,
Nodded their Heads which with the Palſy ſhook,
And dropt a Cur'ſy e'ery ſtep they took,
Not thro good Nature, Breeding or Deſign,
But forc'd to't by the dint of Age and Wine,
Two pow'rful Foes, that all Men muſt allow
Will make the ſturdy'ſt Hero yield and bow.

Now Merchants from the Change flock'd in to Dine,
All jabrieng about the grand Deſign,
Talking of what new Wagers they had laid
Of Letters, Mails, but not a Word of Trade,
As if their Fancies now were pall'd and tir'd
With that kind Miſtreſs once ſo much admir'd,
And that they'd found ſome new Clandeſtine ways
To live without the wealthy Dame's Embrace.

Mob'd Ladies mask'd in Hackney Coaches came,
Each ſoftly asking for her Cull by Name,

ome met their Sparks according to desire,
Who made 'em light in all their loose Attire,
Handing their lustful Paramours up Stairs,
To give the Rickets to the Tavern Chairs;
But first on some nice costly Dish to Dine,
And whet each others Appetite with Wine,
That soothing *Bacchus* might their Lust inflame,
Strengthen the Youth, exhilerate the Dame,
And make both wicked without Fear or Shame.
Others were disappointed by their Mates,
And so return'd confounding of their Fates,
Perhaps quite beggar'd by some late Debauch,
And wanted City Cull to pay the Coach,
So drove from Place to Place in hopes to find,
At last some gen'rous Coxcomb to their Mind,
Who thro Concern for their unhappy Case,
Would bleed profusely for a kind Embrace;
For Harlots when with Poverty oppress,
Always pursue those Fools that pay 'em best.

The House like Conventicle fill'd apace,
As if they sold not only Wine but Grace,

And that ſome Lab'rer in the holy Word,
With Tongue more hurtful than a two edg'd Sword,
In order to improve our Diſcontents,
Was preaching o'er his Liquor to his Saints,
Who always mix Religion with Deſign,
And edify the moſt when o'er their Wine.

Confuſion hurry and inceſſant noiſe,
The tinkling Bar-bell and my Lady's Voice,
The Drawers crying Wines of e'ery ſort,
From glorious Palm t' adulterated Port;
Some running up Stairs, others tumbling down,
All in a ſwift Carrier as if they'd flown;
Gueſt knocking with their Heels in ſundry Rooms,
Some making exit to their Neighb'ring homes,
Some flocking in of e'ery Trade and Craft,
To occupy the Seats by others left,
Whiſp'ring their gleanings of the freſheſt News,
Or the wiſe Comments of *de Foe*'s Reviews,
That ſuch a humm aroſe, as if the Gueſt,
Were buzzing Hornets and the Houſe their Neſt,

The bulky Vintner, who that Morn had been
With his fine Gelding, up at *Hampſtead* Green,
To give his wheezing Corps upon the Heath,
The wholeſome Benefit of Country Breath,
Was now return'd, and ſteping to the Barr,
Attempted to ſalute his Lady fair;
But dumpiſh Madam being vex'd and mad
That from his Bus'neſs he ſo long had ſtaid,
Leaving to her the Care of Barr and Book,
Refus'd the Kiſs, which he in dudgeon took,
And flinging down the Keys, with Anger fir'd,
Scatter'd ſome bitter Words and ſo retir'd.
No ſooner had the Buck poſſeſs'd the Barr,
And eas'd his Charming Helpmate of her Care,
But ſoon he made his roaring Voice proclaim
The Maſter rul'd the Barr and not his Dame;
Who by Report, except the Fool's hely'd,
The weaker Veſſel governs all beſide;
But 'tis no wonder Women bear the Sway,
Since Men are grown ſuch Blockheads to obey.

When I had thus beheld, as o'er my Wine,
What Crowds of Sots paid homage to the Vine,
What tipling Numbers their aſſiſtance gave,
To make a thankleſs Miſer of a Slave:
I paid my Reck'ning, thinking it a Crime
To longer waſt my Money and my time,
And thought it now no wonder to behold
Purſe proud Vintner in a Chain of Gold,
Since e'ery painted Jackanapes and Bear
Does the ſame ſlaviſh Badge of Honour wear.

SIR, ſince you inform'd us in your Letter the Words you deſired were to be ſet to Muſick, we have ordered them accordingly, in hopes to oblige you; if you find 'em for your purpoſe, you may command the like upon any other Occaſion.

Wine *beyond* Love, *or the* Bottle *before* Beauty. *A* SONG.

VEnus the Charming Goddeſs of the Fair,
May have a Thouſand *Cupids* in her Face,

To wound her young Admirers, and prepare
Her Lover to attack another Place,
Where Tide's of Pleaſure do the Banks o'erflow,
And where the youthful Swain delights to caſt
His Anchor, tho is Cable is, we know,
To ſhort to fathom and to weak to laſt;

Bacchus, in ſpite of Love, my God ſhall be,
Let *Mars* and *Venus* jumble in the dark,
No Female Charms ſhall win a Sigh from me,
Woman's a Veſſel I ſhall ne'er embark.

Love and Beauty you may ask;
Give to me the chearful Flask,
You will quickly have your fill,
Mine will yield me Comfort ſtill;
E'ery Nimph will talk and range,
Full of Prattle, full of Change,
Too diſcerning or too blind,
Too Contentious or too kind;

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

I'll no Woman's Bubble be,
Love for you and Wine for me.

The London-Bawd. *A* Song.

COme all ye Country Yea's and No's
Ye Temple Rakes and City Beaus
And antient flogging Cullies,
Walk in and view my Female Ware,
The Black, the Brown, the Red, the Fair,
All free from Claps or Bullies.

I've Widows, Wives and pritty Maids,
Fine dapper Dames, and lusty Jades
Of e'ery Age and Stature,
Highflyers, Meeters, Quakers, Saints,
That scorn your Washes or your Paints,
All Beautiful by Nature.

The ſober Crack, the merry Punk,
The Ranting Whore that will be drunk,
The Modeſt and the Witty,
The Guinea Laſs that plys at Court,
Of long Experience in the Sport,
Tho very young and prſitty.

The Damask Lady very fine,
Or Chamber Maid in Anterine,
Well skill'd in making Poſiets;
Th' Exchange Wench in her Grazet Gown,
The taudry Minx bred up in Town,
Or Country Jugs in Ruffets.

The Pious Whore dreſt Holywiſe,
The Hypocrite that ſins and cries,

Yet loves the Sport moſt dearly,
The cunning Gypſy that is kept,
And by good Management is ſtept
Into an Income yearly.

The common Trader of the Town,
That gives two Ups for one Go down,
A rare good natur'd Doxy,
That when ſhe finds ſhe is not well,
Will frankly her Condition tell
Much rather than ſhe'll pox ye.

The naſty bawling ſwearing Sow,
With ſwanking Udders like a Cow,
For Coachmen and for Porters;
The ſilly homely ſervile Drudge,
That for a Pot of Ale will lodge
With Soldier at his Quarters.

All ſorts of Laſſes can I call,
From Madam *Flirt* to Pitcher *Moll*,
For Rakes of e'ery ſtation;
That will your Luſtful Paſſions eaſe,
And be as Wicked as you pleaſe,
In ſpite of Reformation.

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n Anſwer *to a* Letter *dated from Hatfield in* Hart-fordſhire.

The Maiden-Dream.

ONE Night extended on my Downy Bed,
Melting in am'rous Dreams altho a Maid,
y active Thoughts preſented to my View,
Youth undreſt, whoſe Charming Face I knew;
rip'd to his Shirt, he ſprang to me in white,
ke a kind Bridegrom on the Nuptial Night;
nd tho his Linnen Dreſs Ghoſt-like appear'd,
e look'd, alaſs, too harmleſs to be fear'd;
s wiſhful Eyes expreſt his eager Love,
d twinkled like the brighteſt Stars above;

Such

Such modeſt Bluſhes ſtain'd his comely Face,
That ſure no Virgin Innocence could gueſs,
By his kind Looks, of e'ery Grace poſſeſt,
That he could harbour Evil in his Breaſt.

Bleſs me, ſaid I, *Philander*, what d'ye mean,
How came you hither, who could let you in?
Undreſs'd, 'tis Rudeneſs to approach my Bed,
Conſider, deareſt Youth, that I'm a Maid;
You'll catch your Death, for Heaven's ſake retire,
The Weather's cold and I have got no Fire;
With that, between the Sheets one Leg he thruſt,
Mix'd it with mine, and ſighing, cry'd I muſt,
Then claſp'd me in his Arms, I ſtrove to ſqueak,
But found I had no Pow'r to ſtir or ſpeak;
My Blood confuſedly in its Chanels run,
My Body was all Pulſe, my Breath near gone,
My Cheeks inflam'd, diſtorted were my Eyes,
Whilſt My Breaſt ſwell'd with Paſſion and Surpriſe;
And ſtill when e'er I ſtrove to make a noiſe,
Something methoughts I felt that ſtop'd my Voice,

And did at laſt ſuch Tides of Joy impart,
That glided thro each Vein and fill'd my Heart,
Recall'd my dying Senſes back again,
And with a Flood of Pleaſure drown'd my Pain.
Thus for a time I lay diſſolv'd in Bliſs,
As if Tranſlated into Paradiſe.
But as no drowſy Virgin e'er could find,
Delights ſo charming, and Youth ſo kind,
And not awake when of a ſudden bleſt,
With melting Joys too great to be expreſt;
So I unable to preſerve ſo ſtrong,
An impreſs of my Dear *Philander* long,
Awak'd, much frighted, grop'd about my Bed,
But found, alaſs, my loving Ariel fled,
And all thoſe luſious Pleaſures gone and paſt,
Which ſeem'd indeed too exquiſite to laſt,
I mourn'd the loſs, yet felt ſome ſmall remains
Of the kind warmth ſtill ſporting in my Veins,
That tho my love was vaniſh'd, yet I vow,
I found my ſelf all o'er I know not how;
I thought I, if working Fancy, in the Night,
Can give me, in a Dream, ſuch ſweet Delight,

What muſt two Lovers in a mutual Flame
Poſſeſs, when waking they repeat the ſame:
Philander, come, for I'm reſolv'd to try
The Subſtance, ſince the Shadow yields ſuch Joy.

The ingrateful MISTRESS;

In a Dialogue between a flouriſhing Curtizan and her Gallant whom ſhe had ruin'd, purſuant to a Subject given us in a Letter *by the* PENNY-POST.

Gallant.

Madam, you know when I was Rich and Great,
And could not your prevailing Charms withſtand,
My Self, my Coach, my Servants and Eſtate,
To make you happy, were at your Command.

Miſtreſs.

I own you have been very kind, 'tis true,
And in return I always have been juſt,
Surrender'd up my Heart alone to you,
And made my ſelf a whore to eaſe your Luſt.

Gal

Gallant.

But Madam, pray, conſider 'twas my Love
By which yon are thus Rich and Happy made;
I therefore hope you'll not ungrateful prove,
But help ſo good a Friend now he's decay'd.

Miſtreſs.

It is not like a gen'rous Friend to crave
Part of a ruin'd Woman's poor Support,
Nor can I grant a ſhare of what I have
To you, but I my ſelf muſt ſuffer for't.

Gallant.

Yes you have Jewels which you ſeldom wear,
Whoſe Value I have greateſt cauſe to know,
Thoſe, without dammage, ſurely you may ſpare,
To help your Lover now reduc'd ſo low.

Miſtreſs.

Once I had Jems of Value I allow,
When Beauty, Youth, and Vertue I poſſeſt,
But thoſe you've had long ſince, and would you now
When I have prov'd ſo kind, demand the reſt.

Gallant.

How can you, Madam, ſo ingrateful prove,
And without bluſhing my Requeſt refuſe,
When you from Want, may ſave the Man you love,
By parting with thoſe things you never uſe.

Miſtreſs.

Conſider, Sir, they're Jewels, and as ſuch
I'll always highly prize 'em for your ſake,
And muſt confeſs I value 'em to much,
Since once you've giv'n 'em, to return 'em back.

Gallant.

How can you be ſo ſordid and unkind,
To him that has ſuch Love and Friendſhip ſhewn,
Or once let Pitty move your ſtubborn Mind,
To help a Caitiff by your ſelf undone.

Miſtreſs.

How oft have you with Oaths and Vows profeſt
You lov'd me more than either Gold or Health,
Therefore I'll give what you approv'd on beſt,
You're welcome to my Arms but not my Wealth.

Gallant.

Then muſt I ſtarve, or to ſome Country rove,
Where Slaves and Tranſports end their wretched days
There blame my Generoſity and Love,
And curſe the baſeneſs of the Female Race.

Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs.

But if you're ſerious, and reſolve to try
Your Fate amongſt the refuſe of our Jayls,
Pray leave me ſome remembrance e'er you dye,
Tho but the worthleſs pairings of your Nails.

Gallant.

Dear Madam you ſhall have 'em as I live,
Now I have pair'd 'em, pray the Preſent take,
And ſince you find I've nothing elſe to give,
I beg you that you'll keep 'em for my ſake

Miſtreſs.

I thank you for the Preſent you have made,
And pray remember, whereſoe'er you come,
To boaſt how once you met a ſharping Jade,
That left you not your Nails to ſcratch your Bum

Gallant.

ank you, Madam, for your grateful Jeſt,
muſt confeſs your Sarcaſm is too true,
ſe on the time I hugg'd you in my Breaſt,
ortunes a Jilting Bitch and ſo are you.

Miſtreſs.

ewel, perhaps I ne'er ſhall ſee you more.
hope the Sea your rampant Luſt will cool,
ember, Sir, you made me firſt your Whore,
nd in return I've made you now my Fool.

A Drinking SONG.

JOlly Mortals fill your Glaſſes,
Noble Deeds ariſe from Wine,
Scorn the Nimph and all her Graces,
Who'd for Beauty ſigh and pine.

Look but in the Glaſs that's flowing,
And a thouſand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phillis* has, tho giving
That ſame Minute to be kind.

Had

Had *Eugene*, as we'd have had him,
Drank, he would have won *Toulon*,
Want of Bumpers only made him
Loſe his Honour and the Town.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Councel Board,
And ſubdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his conquering Sword.

Chorus.

Then fill about
And when its out.
Our Meaſure let us double,
He's only bleſt
That drinks the beſt,
And gives himſelf leaſt Trouble;
Each merry Cup,
Will lift us up
Abvoe the reach of Sorrow.
Then pull away,
Let's drink to day,
What e'er we do to to morrow.

FINIS.

THE Diverting MUSE, OR THE *Univerſal Medly.*

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town.

The Fourth PART.

Conſiſting of

Vulcan *and* Venus, *a Burleſque Poem.*

Hypocriſy lampoon'd.

Paſquin *to* Morfore.

Morfore's *Anſwer.*

The Libertine's Return to his virtuous Wife, a Dialogue.

Jack pudding's *Invitatian to* Bartholomew *Fair.*

The Character of a certain Derby *Ale Sot.*

The Gallant's blunt Addreſs to a fond Adultreſs.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Paternoſter-Row*, 1707.

Vulcan and *Venus*,

A

BURLESQUE POEM.

At the Requeſt of a merry Gentleman.

SAys *Vulcan* to *Venus*, pray where have you been?

Abroad, crys the Goddeſs, to ſee and be ſeen.

I fear, ſays the Blackſmith, you lead an ill Life,
ho a Goddeſs, I doubt, you're the Bitch of a Wife.

Why how now, crys *Venus*, altho you're my Spouſe,
you Bitch me, you Brute, have a care of your Brows
hy ſure you don't think, I the Goddeſs of Beauty,
dint of ill Language will prove the more true t'ye;
civil, you'd beſt, or I vow by my Placket,
make the God *Mars* baſtanado your Jacket.

Are you there with your Bears, Smug replies to his (Huſſey

Does *Mars* ſtill refreſh your old Furbilo, does he;
I feel by my Forhead a Coat that is ſcarlet,
Of all kind of Baits, is the beſt for a Harlot;
For Beauty I find, as 'tis commonly ſaid,
Will nibble like Fiſh at a Rag that is red;
But Huſſey, tell me any more of your *Mars*,
And I'll run a hot Bar in your Goddeſhip's Arſe;
I fear not your Threats, there's a Fart for your Bully.
No Whore in the Heavens ſhall make me her Cully.

You run a hot Bar in my Bum, quoth the Dame,
It's a ſign you've a mighty Reſpect for the ſame,
If your Love be ſo little as ſo to abuſe it,
I'll keep it for thoſe who know better to uſe it,
I'm certain no Goddeſs that values her Honour,
Would bear the Indignities you put upon her,
And not from that minute reſolve out of ſpite,
To improve your old Horns till they hang in your (Light.

You're

You're an impudent Slut, crys the Smug at his (Bellows,
And I the unhappieſt of all marry'd Fellows,
I know you have made me a Ram, I have ſeen it,
I catch'd you, you Whore, in the critical Minute,
Faſt lock'd in the Arms of your lecherous God,
Whilſt his brawny Poſteriors went niddity nod;
And you, like a Slut, lay as pleas'd and contented,
As if e'ery Joint in your Body conſented;
Altho when you found you were ſpy'd by your Buck',
Then you ſtruggl'd and ſtrove like a Pig that was ſtuck
And diſmounting your God would have made your (eſcape,
But I ſaw by your Actions it could be no Rape;
Tho when you firſt heard, by my Patting-Shoe tred,
My approach to your Whoreſhip's adulterous Bed,
I know you'd have flown with your Coats and your (Boddice,
And afterwards vow'd 'twas ſome other lewd Goddeſs
But my Net was too ſtrong, it prevented your flying,
And ſo put a ſtop to your ſwearing and lying.

Beſides,

Beſides, that the Gods might behold what a Slut
Of a Beautiful Queen they amongſt them had got,
I call'd 'em about, that their Honours might ſtand
And be Pimps to your Goddeſhip's Buſ'neſs in hand,
That in caſe you the Truth ſhou'd hereafter deny.
I might call the whole Heavens to witneſs you lye.

And what did you get, crys the amorous Dame,
For the pains that you took, but a Cuckoldly Name;
'Tis true, you'r confirm'd you've a Whore to your Wife,
Pray is that any Comfort or Eaſe to your Life,
And have made it appear to the Gods as a Jeſt,
That your Wife's Reputation is none of the beſt;
Does that make your Labour more eaſy or ſweet,
Or give you more Guſt to your Drink or your Meat?
Tis true, you are fram'd for the Net you have made,
Pray what did you catch in't but Horns for your Head;
You know that your Rival don't value a trap,
Or a Net, any more than a Child or a Clap;
A Soldier is never aſham'd of his Vices,
But rather is proud of a Goddeſs's Kiſſes,

And thinks it adds more to a Hero's Renown,
To ſubdue a fair Lady than conquer a Town;
Your Spite muſt be therefore intended alone
Againſt me, and that my little Faults might be known;
ince 'tis as it is, I am very well pleas'd,
our Head ſhall be loaded, my Tail ſhall be eas'd,
or ſince you have publiſh'd my Shame and Diſgrace,
nd have made me a Jeſt to the Heavenly Race,
ll be impudent now, and when ever I meet
y dear Favorite, *Mars*, tho it be in the Street,
a Bulk be but near, I will never more dally,
e ſhall, if it pleaſes him, ay marry ſhall he;
hus all you ſhall get by your open detection
one ſilly Error in Female Affection,
a Wife that will cuckold you worſe out of Spite
ow ſhe's catch'd, than before ſhe e'er did for Delight,
o puniſh thy Head and Heart, that very Vice
hich I us'd but in private whilſt Honour was nice,
publickly now practiſe over and o'er,
ll thou'rt fam'd for a Cuckold and I for a Whore.

Crys

Crys *Vulcan*, Could ever Man think that a Goddeſs,
Admir'd for her Charms by ſuch numbers of Noddies,
Should ever be curſt with ſo rampant a Tail,
That will ſwallow more Love-ſap than I can do Ale;
A Pox of your Rump, for I plainly ſee 'tis
As ſalt as your Parents, *Oceanus* and *Thetis*.
But had I firſt known you had ſprung from ſalt Water,
The Devil, for me, ſhould have marry'd the Daughter;
Beſides you are grown both ſo luſtful and bold,
That as well as a Whore, you're a damnable Scold,
And for all your ſweet Looks, have a *Billingſgate*
(Tongue,
That is fifty times worſe than a Fiſhwoman's hung.
If theſe be the Plagues of a beautiful Wife,
O eaſe me, Great *Jove*, of ſo a curſed a Life;
If LaPies divine, who inhabit the Heavens,
Will Whore on like Mortals, at Sixes and Seven's,
Rave, rattle, and taunt at their hornify'd Spouſes,
And ramble a Bitching thro all the twelve Houſes;
For all your fine Features I'll e'en give you over,
The Charms of a Whore are but Plagues to a Lover.

Get you gone and be pox'd, to your old Bully *Mars.*
Let a God be Slave to your Goddeſhip's A——s,
Whilſt I in contempt of your infamous Rump,
On my Anvil will knock with a Thump a Thump
(Thump.

Hypocriſy Lampoon'd.

In Anſwer to a Letter wherein the Subject was given.

THE Church, tho ſuch a ſacred Place,
That no one ſhould abuſe it,
Yet many have ſo little Grace,
To very much miſ-uſe it.

'Tis true, the Pious Chriſtian goes
For Heavenly Promotion,
Prays for himſelf and eke his Foes,
With hearty true Devotion.

But where one minds the holy Truths,
Preach'd to the careleſs Hearers,
There's Twenty enter into Pews
T'encreaſe their ſinful Errors.

The Miſer never minds a Word
Of what the Doctor teaches.
But heartily implores the Lord
To multiply his Riches.

His Pray'rs are ſtill for more and more,
His Piety's but ſhamming,
Nor would he part with half his Store
To ſave his Soul from damning.

The Courtier only goes to Church
That Ladies may delight him,
And always leaves her in the lurch,
When Int'reſt does invite him.

The cringing Tool ſtill tacks about,
Juſt as his Prince entices,
If good the Courtiers ſo, if not,
He Monkeyfies his Vices.

The Trader occupies his Pew,
Amongſt his drowſy Neighbours,
Becauſe h'as nothing elſe to do,
When reſcu'd from his Labours.

Or elſe to meet ſome Brother Tup,
Of whom he is a Lover,
That they may take a chir'ping Cup.
As ſoon as Church is over.

The Country Juſtice, when he goes,
My Lady muſt invoke him,
But dares not ſay his Pray'rs, God knows,
For fear the Words ſhould choak him.

In lofty Pew he takes a nod,
Ne'er thinks of his Tranſgreſſions,
But whilſt he ſhould be ſerving God,
Is dreaming of the Seſſions.

The Farmer on the Sabbath day,
That plods to Church ſo early,
Three Miles perhaps, goes not to pray,
But know the price of Barley.

Or elſe with greaſy hedging Gloves,
His hoary Head's befriended,
Then ſleeping, ſnoars and never moves
Untill the Sermon's ended.

The Maiden Lady finely dreſs'd,
Quite thoughtleſs of her Duty,
Crowds only in amongſt the reſt,
To ſhew her tempting Beauty.

Her Glances here and there ſhe throws,
To charm you and invite ye,
And ſeems devout to pleaſe the Beaus,
Inſtead of God Almighty.

The lewd Adultreſs brisk and gay,
Does put her *Sunday*'s Face on,
Yet all the time ſhe ſeems to pray,
She thinks of Copulation.

In vain ſhe vows her Life to mend,
If Heav'n would ſo diſpoſe her,
But all the while her luſtful end
In ſpite of Grace, ſays No Sir.

The common Harlot juts along
Amongſt the reſt for Faſhion,
In hopes to whiſper, in the Throng,
Some am'rous Aſſignation.

Yet ſhe can bend her Knees at Pray'r,
And ſtay the time of Preaching,
But then, fair Lady, as you were,
To Jilting and to Bitching.

The Mourning Widow too can play
The Hypocrite with Vail on,
And moſt devoutly kneel and pray,
Tho 'tis but for a Stalion.

Bemoan the Loſs of that dear Man,
Her lawful Spouſe and Lover,
Yet ten to one ſhe's kiſt again,
Before a Month be over.

The ancient Matron too repents
As Women think they ſhou'd do,
Not for her Sins, but ſhe laments
She can't do what ſhe wou'd do.

For Woman when beyond her Prime,
Her Sorrow chiefly riſes,
Not from the Thoughts of any Crime,
But 'cauſe ſhe's paſt her Vices.

The haughty Lady cocks her Rump,
And moves to Church in Splendor,
Not to ſerve God, but ſhew her Pomp,
Attendance and her Grandeur.

Arround ſhe throws her awful Pouts,
Then kneels with ſo much caution,
That e'er ſhe'll diſoblige her Coats,
She'll hinder her Devotion.

To Church the Beggars move in Courſe,
For neither Pray'rs or Preaching,
Uutaught, the Brutes are ne'er the worſe,
Or better for their teaching.

Like Faggots in a Troop they ſerve,
And with the Church play booty,
Muſter becauſe they would not ſtarve,
But never mind their Duty.

The Rabble too, thoſe monſtrous Beaſts,
Thoſe unregarded Lumber,
Who bring ſmall Profit to their Prieſts,
Altho they're great in number.

Yet they muſt be religious too,
And Bleſſings will be craving,
Then Heaven knows that very few
Are worth its Mercy's ſaving.

Thus Thouſands on the day of reſt,
Polute the holy Temple,
And only meet to pray in jeſt,
Sleep, ogle, and diſſemble.

For were the Lord's Houſe to be lin'd
With none but pious People,
The Church the Pariſh Prieſt would find
As empty as the Steeple.

'Tis true, the Poor as well as Rich,
About Religion ſquabble,
But Int'reſt always makes the Breach,
From Noble to the Rabble.

Thus all Men ſhew their Zeal and Heat,
And make a wond'rous Pother,
But moſt turn Hypocrites to cheat
And cozen one another.

Paſquin *to* Morfore.

In Anſwer to a Letter from a fair Lady ; dated Ruſſel Street, Covent Garden.

SInce Men of real Juſtice are ſo rare,
And vertuous Nimphs ſo very ſcarce, if fair.
Why are they cruſh'd beneath the frowns of Fate,
Whilſt worthleſs Mortals proſper and are Great?
The cringing Knave ſhall thrive and tow'r aloft,
And reverenc'd be for Villany and Craft,

Whilſt Men of Conſcience ſtill in vain ſhall toil,
And ne'er from Fortune win one grateful Smile;
The Harlot in his Honour's Coach ſhall ride,
And take the Place of his neglected Bride;
Whilſt Female Vertue, tho divinely bright.
If poor, muſt live a Stranger to Delight,
Leſt ſhe'll ſubmit her Beauty to the Arms
Of ſome dull Fool unworthy of her Charms,
And ſo turn Slave to an unthinking Sot,
Who knows not how to prize the Jem he'as got;
Tell me *Morfore*, therefore why the beſt
Of humane Race, ſhould be by Fate oppreſt,
Whilſt Knaves and Harlots are by Fortune bleſt.

Morfore's *Anſwer.*

THE Wicked like ſmall Stars in number riſe,
And ſpread the Earth as th' other do the Skies:
But Vertue rarely *Commet* like appears,
Whoſe flaming Luſtre fills the World with Fears,

All gaze with Wonder at the blazing Sight,
But dread the Streams of its diffuſive Light,
Leſt the bright Object that their Eyes admire,
To ſcourge their Sins, ſhould ſet the World on Fire;
Thus grow concern'd the Prodigy's ſo near,
And wiſh it ſunk beneath the Hemiſphere.
Juſt ſo the Wicked (who by means obſcure,
Advance themſelves to Riches and to Pow'r,
Sparing no ſhameful villanous Device
To heap up Wealth and propagate their Riſe)
Gaze at thoſe Men like Monſters who diſdain,
To ſully their more righteous Souls for Gain.
And fearful of thoſe Merits they admire,
Againſt the Virtuous and the Juſt conſpire.
Dreading if Men of Conſcience ſhould prevail,
That all their wicked Traps and Plots would fail;
And that themſelves, as they deſerve, ſhould be
Expos'd to publick Shame and Infamy,
And fall in ſpite of Craft, when once accus'd,
Beneath the Rage of thoſe they'd long abus'd,
Thus Crowds of Knaves the honeſt few o'erthrow.
And by the dint of number keep 'em low,

With Clouds of Calumnies eclipſe their Fame,
And falſely brand 'em with an odious Name,
Teach the vile Rabble, thoſe unthinking Slaves,
By paultry Libels to miſtake the Knaves,
And judge them honeſt who betray their Truſt,
Whilſt Men of Morals, truly wiſe and juſt,
Shall bear that Scandal which their Foes deſerve,
And ſo at once be cruſh'd and doom'd to ſtarve.

As for the Fair, when they are doubly bleſt,
And by a Miracle divine, prove chaſt,
Yet want that mercenary varniſh'd Gold,
To add a Luſtre to their beauteous Mold;
No wonder they ſhould unregarded live
In a baſe World where none by Vertue thrive;
For Women hate to ſee themſelves outdone,
And envy all Perfections but their own,
She that enjoys more Vertue than the reſt,
Is ſure to live by her own Sex oppreſt,
Backbiting Scandals on her Charms they'll throw,
And join to keep her Reputation low.

Men, when inclin'd to marry, look around,
And like her beſt where moſt is to be found;
Virtue and Beauty anſwer not their end,
The Money'd Helpmate proves the ſureſt Friend,
And ſhe that wants it, tho her Charms are great,
Muſt linger out her days beneath the Fate
Of an unmarry'd Life, or what is worſe,
Become ſome doating crazy Leacher's Nurſe,
Spread Plaiſters for his Gout, and puniſh'd be,
With fumbling Love and fiery Jealouſy;
Or elſe become ſome petty Tradeſman's Wife,
To lead a wretched and a ſlaviſh Life,
For e'ery Fool, leſt very poor or old,
His Int'reſt courts and weds alone for Gold;
Therefore the Dame with Wit and Vertue bleſt,
Altho divinely fair and truly chaſt,
Yet if her Charms no Fortune can produce,
And ſhe wants Gold which e'ery Man purſues,
She ſtill may live if modeſt ſhe will prove,
A Beauteous Stranger to the Joys above,
For Death's Embrace her Moles and Dimples ſave,
And with her Virgin Flow'r perfume her Grave;

The Great adore no Charms, no Beauty mind,
But ſuch as will be conquer'd and be kind;
If ſhe'll no Harlot be, but ſcorns the Guilt,
The World will ſwear at random, ſhe's a Jilt;
None will her Vertue e'er the more admire.
But rail becauſe ſhe fruſtrates their Deſire.

Therefore ſince thoſe that ſhould Example give,
Purſue their Luſts, and like Infernals live,
And erring Numbers thro their want of Sence,
Give Knaves and Blockheads the Preheminence,
Virtue may hope to be futurely bleſt,
But muſt on Earth live injur'd and oppreſt.

The Libertines Return to his Virtuous Wife, in a Dialogue between Damon *and* Chloe.

In Anſwer to a Poſt Letter dated from Canterbury.

Damon.

CHloe from all the Pleaſures of the Town,
Where Knaves ſeek Wealth, and nobler Minds (renown,
To

To this more happy Grove am I return'd,
Where you, your *Damon*'s Abſence long have mourn'd,

Here will I ſtay, for ever more be true,
And lead my Life in Solitude with you.

Chloe.

Welcome, dear *Damon*, to my faithful Arms,
O that I had but all my Sex's Charms;
Were but the Graces of my Face and Mind,
Bright and engaging as I'm juſt and kind;
Then might I hope my Beauty and my Love,
Might charm you that you never more would rove,

Damon.

Chloe, I've wrong'd you, I confeſs my Crime,
But now in Tears repent and curſe the time.
You my bright Angel have been kind and true,
But I've been faithleſs and unjuſt to you,
Forgive your Penetent all Errors paſt,
And he'll become as kind as you are chaſt.

Chloe.

The Love and Sorrow in your Looks I find,
Fill me at once with a forgiving Mind;

Had

Had your Unkindneſs and your Slights been more
Than e'er young Bride from cruel Husband bore;
Yet ſuch a Vow would have atton'd for all,
And made my Love a Recompence too ſmall.

Damon.

What Godlike Goodneſs does thy Breaſt contain,
Thou beſt of Women to the worſt of Men,
What, my Dear *Chloe*, can I ſay or do,
To bleſs a Wife ſo charming and ſo true,
Whoſe Beauty ſhines, improv'd by Vertues Light,
Bright as the Sun by Day and Moon by Night.

Chloe.

O promiſe only (as I'm truly thine)
To fix your Love and be for ever mine.
Let no young Rival, with her wanton Charms,
Delude you to forſake your *Chloe*'s Arms,
For ſhe that does, tho fair, ſhe muſt be lewd,
But *Chloe* will be always kind and good.

Damon.

Tho I have wonder'd from the ſweeteſt Bride,
That ever bleſt a happy Husband's Side;

Yet Conſcious of my Guilt, I'm now return'd,
Have all my Follies paſt ſincerely mourn'd,
And with a contrite Heart, to Heav'n and you,
Have vow'd for ever to be kind and true.

Chloe.

O bleſs the happy Tydings that I hear,
A Thouſand joyful Welcomes to my Dear,
O let me hug thee in my faithful Breaſt,
No longer now with jealous Fears oppreſt,
Give me more pow'rful Charms, O mighty *Jove!*
And help my Kiſſes to expreſs my Love.

Damon.

Chloe, I've found the diff'rence is ſo vaſt,
'Twixt wanton Beauty and a Wife ſo chaſt,
That now I know the better how to prize
Your Virtues more than their deceitful Eyes;
They're falſe and only ſerve a luſtful End,
But I find *Chloe* is my faithful Friend.

Chloe.

So my dear *Damon* will I ever prove,
And bleſs your Bed with unpolluted Love,

Such that had always Vertue to aſpire,
Above a wanton Deed or looſe Deſire,
Such that has grrev'd you ſhould to others fly,
But in your Abſence never thought awry.

Damon.

If bleſt in me, for ever ceaſe to mourn,
And date your happy days from my Return;
Your Converſation and your Vertuous Charms,
Your melting Kiſſes and your faithful Arms,
Shall be the future Comforts of my Life,
Who can need more that has ſo chaſt a Wife.

Chloe.

Thanks, my Dear *Damon*, my Delight each Day,
Shall be to Love, to Honour and Obey,
And if my Beauty cannot pleaſe your Eye,
In Duty I'll the want of Charms ſupply,
Own e'ery Fault, beg Pardon on my Knees,
Always ſubmit and ſtudy how to pleaſe.

Damon.

Tho the young Husband ſhou'd imprudent prove,
St.ll let the Wife preſerve her Nuptial Love,

His vicious Pleaſures ſoon will loſe their Taſt,
Her Goodneſs will entice him back at laſt,
Tho for a time her Uſage may be hard,
Yet Virtue never fails to meet Reward.

Jack-Pudding's *Invitation to* Bartholemew *Fair.*

In Anſwer to a Penny-poſt *Letter, dated from the* Hoſpital Cloiſters.

COme ye Lads with your Maids,
Bully-Prigs with your Jades,
And ye Cits with your Wives and your Daughters
Come ye merry young Flirts,
So inclin'd to Love's Sports
That your Mothers muſt watch your Waters.

Come ye Beaus and ye Culls
With your Furbelo'd Trulls,
Which you keep for the Pleaſure of others;
Come ye Clowns with your Jugs,
Common Whores with your Rogues,
And ye Brats with your Fathers and Mothers.

Dreſs you all and repair
To old *Barthol'mew* Fair,
We have many ſtrange Things to delight ye,
Very comical Drolls,
Full of Harlots and Fools,
With a Pope and a Devil to fright ye.

Here's the Siege of *Toulon*,
But becauſe 'twas not won,
To old *Troy* we have vary'd the Matter,
Where that beautiful Piece,
Madam *Helen* of *Greece*
Was the Cauſe of ſuch Bloodſhed and Slaughter

Here are numberleſs Shoals
Of Comedians and Fools,
And ſuch Dogs that will caper and coopee,
Tho they're *Dutch*, they'll out dance,
Any Monſieur of *France*,
Or out Act any *Barthol'mew* Puppy.

Here are Quacks in their Trunks.
With their travelling Punks,
Who will trip it on Ropes to pleaſe ye,
And if chance that your Eyes
Fall in Love with their Thighs,
They have ſomething between that will eaſe ye.

Here's a Succubus black,
That will ſwing on her Back,
On a Rope that's as high as a Steeple;
And will hang by one Ham,
Like the Devil's own Dam,
To the Wonder of all Chriſtian People.

Here are Punch and his Wife,
So perform'd to the Life,
With the Buttterfly flying about 'em,
And ſo merry they are,
That a Bumbkin would ſwear,
All the Fair wou'd be nothing without 'em

Tho they're chip'd out of Board,
You would think when they ſtirr'd,
They were Part of the Living Creation;
But that if you felt,
You would find Punch was gelt,
And his Wife without any Temptation.

Here are Booths for the Mob,
Where there's Muſick and Bub,
Buy the laſt, you've the other for nothing,
And if, when you're drunk,
You've a Mind for a Punk,
Here are Whores for your liking or loathing.

Here are Cakes, Buns and Ale,
Very ſmall, dear and ſtale,
Old Dances and Wine that is eager.
And Muſick ſo famous,
You'd think 'twas the ſame as
Was plaid to the Devil Belfegar.

Here is Pork for Relief,
That's as fat as Neck Beef,
Very good, tho the *Jews* have ſo curſt it;
And moſt excellent Pig,
That, at leaſt, is as big
As the Bitch of a Spaniel that nurs'd it.

Here are Boats in the Air,
That will carry their Fare
Up and down, without ſailing or rowing;
Alſo Coaches that fly
'Twixt the Earth and the Sky,
That to Heaven you'd think you were going.

Here are Damſons and Nuts
To breed Worms in your Guts,
And rare Filberts to help on the Pthiſick,
Here is Drink to be ſold,
By each Booby and Scold,
That is almoſt as pleaſant as Phyſick.

Here are all ſorts of Toys
Both for Girls and for Boys,
From the Drum to the Ginger-bread Baby,
And ſuch Fairings for thoſe
That will part their great Toes,
As may coſt them their Noſes it may be.

Here are Cloyſters for Trulls,
And Raffling for Culls,
Whilſt the Ladies, with mendicant Faces,
Sit by and receive
What each Blockhead will give,
As a Fee to enſure their Embraces.

Here's a cozening Game
With a Dutchify'd Name,
Moſt commonly call'd *Rowly Powly*;
Beſides Women and Dice,
And all manner of Vice,
That can humour a Fool in his Folly.

Here are Whores of all ſorts
For your amorous Sports,
And a gang of ſtanch Bullies to match 'em,
Here are Highwaymen too,
And a Pick-Pocket Crew,
If our Laws had the luck but to catch 'em.

Here is all that is vain,
That can Pleaſure a Man,
From the Cit to the Country Looby,
From the Whore of Renown,
To the Punk of the Town,
From the Finkin Beau to the Booby,

Therefore you that delight
In a Jeſt or a Sight,
Or that need a freſh Lover's Embraces,
If you want to behold
Wicked *Sodom* of old,
Pray come hither and take your Places.

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The Character of a Derby Ale Sot.

In Anſwer to a Letter dated from Grays-Inn.

NO ſooner had the thirſty Sun withdrawn
His fiery Face beneath the Horrizon,
But out the Porcus waddles from his Sty,
To *Derby* Hogwaſh brew'd and ſold juſt by;
Thus leaves his Buſs'neſs and forſakes his Home.
To waſt the Ev'ning in ſome publick Room,
Where bulky Sots in giddy numbers meet.
Not to converſe but ſmother Drink and Sweat,
And ſtretch their yielding Hides that thoſe may boaſt
The Stowage of their Casks that hold the moſt.
With Aſpect flaming like a blazing Star,
And huge gotch Belly'd, like a *Spaniſh* Jar;
He ſtraddles in, his Compliment he pays,
And then ſquats down in his accuſtom'd Place,
Where choak'd with Flegm, he blows a while for eaſe
Like ſporting Crampos in the *Northern* Seas;

For as the latter ſpouts, the former hauks,
And ſpits the Dregs of his laſt Night's Debauch ;
When thus reliev'd, he asks the tipling Crowd,
Sitting like painted Gods in ſmoaky Cloud,
Whether the Ale deſerves the Name of Good.
No ſooner have the partial Judges made
A kind Report to pleaſe the drouthy Blade,
But with his Box of Weed to work he falls,
And charging of his Gun for Liquor calls ;
Up comes the Ale, that may be drank or chew'd,
In ſome dark ſubterranean Dungeon brew'd,
Where none can ſee how baſely they abuſe
Their damn'd *Lixivium* with the Frauds they uſe,
Which is but Treacle coddl'd into Slime,
With Broom made bitter, and refin'd with Lime ;
Beneath his Noſe the Nipperkin is plac'd,
Where it ſtands ready for his Swineſhip's Taſte.
Firſt in a wrinkled Glaſs he views the Swill,
Commends its knitty Looks to ſhew his Skill,
And then returns it back into his Gill ;

Which e'er he lights his Pipe, the guzzling Sot,
Takes nimbly off at one luxurious Draught,
Then knocking for another, ſwears that Wine
Is nothing near ſo rich, or half ſo fine.
Thus Fools, for want of Judgment, oft eſteem,
Like *Æſop*'s Cock, an Oat before a Jem;
So the voracious Hog perhaps may think
His naſty Puddle is the beſt of Drink,
That he's as happy wallowing in his Mire,
As Brother Swine, who does no more deſire
Than *Derby*, Sot-weed, and a rouſing Fire.
Pleas'd with his Drink, he guzzles on apace,
And ſcores his Tankards in his ſcarlet Face;
For as he ſmoaking ſits, each freſh ſupply,
Still more inflames, and gives a deeper Dye,
As if he bluſh'd that Malt ſhould ſo prevail,
And make him ſuch a Slave to naſty Ale,
Such ſlimy, lucious Filth, that's only fit
To give Men Bulk, and rob them of their Wit,
As Sleep to an Exceſs, with little Pains,
Will feed our Fleſh but ſtupifie our Brains.

Thus for ſix hours, each Night, he ſmoaks and drinks,
Talks very rarely but more ſeldom thinks,
As if his Doſes of Lethargick Slime,
Like Opium made him dream away his time,
And that each poys'nous and bewitching Draught,
Impair'd his Mem'ry and deſtroy'd his Thought,
Or elſe he would have ſo much Sence at leaſt,
To find himſelf transform'd into a Beaſt,
And would at once reſiſt the Oily Charm,
That numb's the Soul, and does the Mind ſuch harm,
Abjure the Cuſtom of ſo vile a Drink,
Tinctur'd with Malt, but does of Spirits ſtink.

Thus on he guzzles, till the Watchman nicks,
With Twelve-a-Clock, his entering Hour of Six;
Then calling what's to pay, he ſtrives to riſe,
Weak in the Hams and drowſy in the Eyes;
At laſt, with much ado, the reeling Sot,
Staggers from Table to the Chamber-pot,
Where he ſtands tott'ring, ſottiſhly content
To dribble out thoſe Pence the Fool has ſpent;
Nor is the uſeful Urine he has made,
Like common Piſs, to Channel Stream convey'd,

'But carefully preſerv'd in ſtinking Tub,
'Gainſt they brew next, to meliorate their Bub.
What tho defil'd with loathſome Pox or Clap,
When firſt it drop'd from Nature's ſinful Tap,
'Tis purg'd by Fire and purify'd with Lime,
And made fit Lap for Fools a ſecond time;
Not only ſo, but he that keeps one Houſe,
And does each Night the gummy Belch carouſe,
The Leakage in one Week he leaves behind,
Is for his Palate by the next refin'd;
Thus the dull Sot unknowingly is made
A Pipe, by which the Liquor is convey'd,
Back to the Piſs-burnt Copper whence it came,
And only drinks and pays for ſtill the ſame;
So the Conſumptive Wretch, in Hopes to heal
His Ulcerated Lungs when weak and ill,
From mortal Cask, his Morning's Draught he draws,
Catches what e'er from dangling Spiggot flows,
And the ſame Dregs into his Bung-hole throws.
Thus the poor Patient, tho his Phyſick ſtinks,
Drinks what he piſſes, what he piſſes drinks.

When the dull Sot for half an hour has ſtood,
Preparing for the next good Ale that's brew'd,
To take his Night's Departure when h'as done,
At going off, he gives a rouzing Gun,
Then turns his brawny Buttocks on the Room,
And like a true *Dutch* Boar Reels belching home.

There totterings into Bed, and fizling lies,
Till *Derby*'s ill Effects which cloſe his Eyes,
Will without Head-ach give him leave to riſe.

The Gallant's blunt Addreſs to a fond Adultreſs. A SONG.

PRay *Phillis* ſigh no more for me,
Nor counterfeit that Paſſion,
Your Love is but Hypocriſy,
Your Looks Diſſimulation.
Tho young, you have for years been wed,
Two Lovers are too many.
The Nimpth that ſtains her Marriage-Bed,
Can ne'er be true to any.

A Woman's Oaths invalid are,
When ſhe has loſt her Honour,
The ſame you vow to me, you'll ſwear
To him that is your Owner.
To talk of Love it makes me ſtare,
I hate ſuch Female ſhamming,
But if you're luſtful as you're fair,
I'll run the riſque of damning.

When e'er you ſhew your ſelf inclin'd,
And I've a Mind to eaſe ye,
I'll be as vig'rous and as kind,
As e'er I can to pleaſe ye;
But to be true I'll never ſwear,
If that's the Nail you're driving;
I'll be no fetter'd Fool to e'er
A marry'd Jilt that's living.

FINIS.

THE

Diverting MUSE,

OR, THE

Univerſal Medly.

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town

The Fifth PART.

Conſiſting of,

An Elegy upon Gammar Bouncly, *a famous Brewereſs of notable Ale in the Peak in* Derbyſhire, *who unfortunately ſmother'd herſelf in her own Maſhing Tub. Written in Burleſque of a Bombaſt Paſtoral, upon the Death of a Beautiful Lady of conſiderable Quality.*

The Beau's Panegyrick upon his fine Miſtreſs, concluding with his Reſolution againſt Marriage.

A good Wife the greateſt Happineſs, or the real Comforts of Matrimony, with a Check to a Libertine.

An Anſwer to ſome unknown Gentlemen, partitularly to their principal Secretary, who makes it his Buſineſs, for want of better, to be teazing others with his Nonſence.

A ſhort Reſentment of an Ironical Poem, receiv'd by the Hands of Mr B——gg*.*

A new Litany for a merry Society over a Glaſs of good Liquor.

To that celebrated Idol, Mammon, *chief Governour of Men's Conſciences, and both Spiritual and Temporal Lord of all* Chriſtendom. *A Poem.*

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Pater-noſter-row*, 1707.

AN

ELEGY

UPON

Gammar Bouncly,

A moſt Famous Brewereſs of Noble ALE in the

PEAK in DERBYSHIRE.

Who unfortunately ſmoother'd herſelf in her own Maſhing Tub.

Written in Burleſque of a Bombaſt Paſtoral, upon the Death of a Beautiful Lady of conſiderable Quality.

HElp me ye Mid-night Hags to ſing the Praiſe,
Of *Bouncly* and her Ale in bouncing Lays;
Not in ſoft whining Numbers only fit
To make the Duſt of Quality ſmell ſweet;
Flattery's a fulſom mercenary Theme,
And ſeldome worth a generous Poet's Dream:

Assist me so to temper e'ery Line,
That Wit and Mirth with equal Pow'r may shine,
And raise at onceold *Bouncly*'s Fame and mine.

Mourn all ye Sots around the Devil's Arse,
Drink first and then attend the Gammar's Hearse,
Charge your capacious Bellies to the Brim,
Till Guts and Brains in windy Bladders swim,
Huge swelling Bumpers down your Gullets throw,
Till, like your Cups, you're ready to o'erflow;
And when with Barley Juice you're charg'd thus high,
And like ripe Bottl'd Ale, just fit to fly,
Attend the Matron to her final Home,
And spew your Sorrow out on *Bouncly*'s Tomb,
Bouncly, that merry Gossip who so oft,
At Comick Tale and Bawdy Jest, has laugh'd;
Bouncly, who many a youthful Swain has eas'd,
And in her Cock-loft, jolly Tinker pleas'd;
Bouncly, who us'd, with Lov's delighted Sport,
To pay her Maltster when her Coin fell short;

Nor would ſhe put young Lovers to the Toil,
Of walking to their *Jugs* or *Joans* a Mile,
When her ſoft Liquor had inflam'd their Hearts,
And rais'd a Fever in their nobler Parts,
But always was ſo kind (her Name be prais'd)
To cool that heat her pow'rful Ale had rais'd,
Till feeble *Hob*, tho juſt before ſo ſtout,
Should want more Drink inſtead of t' other Bout;
For skilful Smockſters, leaſt Experience lies,
Tell us that Love's a drowthy Exerciſe.

O Mourn her fatal Loſs, ye am'rous Swains,
That guard your Flocks upon the neighb'ring Plains.
Mourn all ye painful *Coridons* around,
That trim the Woods and cultivate the Ground;
Lament ye Clowns, in Sheep-skin Breeches clad,
For none but you that knew the buxom Jade
Can miſs the Charms the merry Beldame had.

Such Ale as hers, ſo exquiſitely good.
Was ne'er before in brazen Veſſel brew'd,

So

So rich, ſo ſtout, ſo knappy and ſo fine,
So Nectar like, ſo racy and divine,
That ev'n the Vicar, who the Pariſh taught,
Drank, e'er he Preach'd, a Flagon at a Draught,
When thus inſpir'd, he mounted up aloft,
And made good Chriſtians more by Ale than Craft.

The Whiſtling Plow-man labour'd hard all Day,
And gladly took much Pains for little Pay,
T' enjoy the kind Refreſhment and Delight
Of *Bouncly*'s Ale and merry Tales at Night.
Bouncly, whoſe Charms, whoſe Liquor and whoſe Fire,
Would warm the Codpiece and the Brain inſpire,
And make a Man at once, when o'er his Pot,
A ſtanding Lover and a ſitting Sot.

O what a Bleſſing has the Country loſt.
No Hoſteſs brew'd ſuch Ale or bak'd ſuch Toaſt,
Or could the buxom'ſt Beldame on the Road
Have ſofter Fleſh or better furbilo'd;
If thoſe kind Fuddle-caps declare the Truth,
Who knew her in her Age as well as Youth,

For

For tho Time's Sickle mows away the Hair,
And leaves the Crown of wither'd Beauty bare,
And in declining Years his Spite to ſhow,
Cauſes an Autumn in the Shades below;
Yet *Bouncly* was at Fifty brisk and gay,
And wore no wrinkled Symtoms of Decay,
Nor did ſhe ever want from Heel to Head,
The blooming Vigour of a youthful Maid,
But am'rous were her Looks and kind her Heart,
Hairy her Crown and fledg'd in e'ery Part,
That none could tell i'th dark, I dare engage,
Whether Fifteen or Fifty was her Age,
So round her Breaſts, ſo brawny was her Bum,
Such wirey Plumes adorn'd her M——m,
That had young *Paris* been to judge the ſame,
He'ad baulk'd young *Venus* of her Beauty's Fame,
And given the Golden Apple to the Dame.

Then what kind vigorous *Coridon* that loves
A Female Skin as white as *Juno*'s Doves,
And all the other Graces that belong
To an old Widow, buxom as a Young,

Can cloſe his Heart and not bewail the loſs
Of her who gave what others ſell for Droſs,
For no Man's Worth ſhe meaſur'd by his Purſe,
But lik'd him beſt that moſt was like a Horſe,
He that without a Spur three Heats would run,
And never ſweat but neigh when he had done.
O mourn the Loſs of ſuch a gen'rous Dame,
Who never kindled but ſhe cool'd the Flame,
And by the Water-Engine in her Tail.
Conquer'd the Fire of Love or that of Ale.

O with what Art and Caution did ſhe brew,
Her oily Stingo which ſhe never drew
One Day too ſtale, or yet an hour too new,
But always tap'd the Cordial when 'twas time,
And ſeldom kept one Drop beyond its Prime,
But rather to her Swine the Swill convey'd,
Than ſuffer'd Men to drink it when decay'd,
Thus, as the mumping Wretch who ſtroles and progs,
Throws out his muſty Fragments to the Dogs,
So with ſour Ale ſhe merry made her Hogs.

'But what ſhe ſold, ſuch Strength and Vigour had,
Twould make a Saint run Copulation mad,
Nay, ſuch prolifick Vertues in it dwelt,
'Twould find a Man new Dowſets that was gelt.
And make bald Age as juvenile and gay,
As an old Stallion in the Month of *May*.
The Town wherein ſhe liv'd with Children ſwarm'd,
Got when their Parents with her Ale were warm'd,
With Milk the Mothers Nipples it ſupply'd,
And did for all the ſwaddled Young provide;
Thus did her Ale beget the Brats, and then,
From ſucking Infants rais'd 'em to be Men,
For by the Laws of Nature, e'ery thing
Should nouriſh that which from it ſelf does ſpring.

Thus did her Ale make every Husband kind,
And loving Help-mate, fruitful to her Mind,
Nay, Boar and Sow, without the help of Pees,
Ow'd all their grunting Offspring to her Lees;
Thus Boys and Girls, and Pigs and Hogs as well,
That did around her boozing Cottage dwell,
Were all deſcended frommy Gammar's Ale.

But now no more ſhall *Roger* tug his Bride,
At *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter*, or at *Whitſontide*,
To Mother *Bouncly*'s Hut, to merry make,
O'er knappy Ale, hot butter'd Buns and Cake,
For at good Times 'tis to be underſtood,
The careful Houſewife bak'd as well as brew'd,
But now, alaſs, into the Grave ſhe's toſt,
And in her Death the Art of Brewing's loſt,
So when old *Dorba* periſh'd in her Cell,
With her the Pow'r of Conjuration fell;
None in thoſe early and unskilfull Days,
But her deep Magick could a *Samuel* raiſe,
So none in this dull Age, without Default,
Can raiſe ſuch Ale as *Bouncly* did from Malt,
Bouncly, who all Loves niceſt Secrets knew,
And taught the Maids to kiſs and Men to woo;
Inſtructed Baſhful Brides ith' Nuptial Arts,
And taught both Sexes how to act their Parts;
A thouſand other charming Nacks ſhe had
To make young Lovers for each other mad:
Yet to inflame the Heart, or warm the Tail,
Us'd no Love-Potion but her own good Ale.

O wicked Planets to decree ſo hard
A Fate, at laſt, to be the Dame's Reward.
That ſhe who had ſo long her Love diffus'd,
Should by her Stars be ſo ſeverely us'd;
And be ſo baſely to her end betray'd,
By Ale, that Creature which her ſelf had made.
For on a drouthy Day (O Curſe the Time)
When Sol's Igneſcent Beams had ſcorch'd our Clime,
And the kind Dame as ſhe was wont to do,
Had hung her largeſt Kettle on to Brew,
And plac'd her Veſſels round her to provide
Plenty of Ale againſt a Merry-Tide:
For *Bouncly*'s Orchard, and her old Thatch'd Houſe,
Were at ſuch Times the Gen'ral Rendezvous;
Where tuneful Ballads grac'd her ancient Hut,
And blooming Crab-trees made a Grove without,
Where Rural Clowns their Active Members try'd,
And ſhew'd their Vigour in my Dame's Backſide.
But oh that fatal Day wherein ſhe fell
A parboil'd Victim to unfiniſh'd Ale:

For buſtling 'twixt her Kettle and her Tub,
To improve Malt and Water into Bub;
Swelter'd with Toil, Hot Weather, and the Fire,
Much Ale her drouthy Entrails did require;
So that oft ſipping to repleat her Veins,
Cool her parch'd Liver, and to eaſe her Pains,
The Potent Tipple did at laſt prevail,
And ſtanding o'er her Tub to lant her Ale,
The careleſs giddy Dame, as Fame reports,
Pitch'd her poor Head into her ſeething Worts:
Where ſhe at once expir'd without a Squeak,
And drown'd the greateſt Wonder of the *Peak*.
So fell Old *Bouncly*, by her Ale o'ercome,
And made her fatal Maſhing Fat her Tomb.
Thus by her own vile Creature was ſhe hurl'd
Headlong whilſt Brewing to the other World.
Juſt like the Monk, who was to Hell betray'd,
By the ſame Powder he himſelf had made.

Weep Hogs and Porkers, from your Dunghils rouze,
And grunt your Pity o'er your empty Troughs:

Mourn all you Piping *Corydons* and Swains,
That ſuch a Buxom Dame, who ſpar'd no Pains
To live by Ale, ſhould Die at laſt in Grains.

The BEAU'S *Panegyrick upon his Beautiful Miſtreſs: Or, Love without Matrimony.*

'TIS true *Almira*, you're as ſoft and fair,
As Mortals can ſuppoſe the Angels are.
The Horned Queen that rules the Dusky Night,
In a clear Winter, cannot ſhine more bright.
Each ſparkling Eye does, to our Wonder, ſhare
More Glory than the moſt Refulgent Star.
Each tender Lip like the Carnation glows,
And your ſmooth Cheeks out-bluſh the Damask Roſe.
Thoſe Iv'ry Keys that modulate your Speech,
Are whiter far, than *Dover*'s Chalky Beech.
And on that Charming Inſtrument, your Tongue,
Sweet Muſick, and ſoft Eloquence are hung:

Such

Such that *Amyhion*'s Harp could ne'r out-do,
Or *Tully* in his Learn'd Orations ſhew.
Your lofty Forehead gives an awful Grace,
To all the humbler Features of your Face;
Whilſt *Cupids* lurk beneath your Sable Brows,
And chuſe the bending Arches for their Bows.
Your ſilky Locks around your Temples fly,
And ſporting with the Wind diſhrevel'd lie.
Whilſt here and there your Alabaſter Skin
Peeps through the waving Curls, and ſhines betwee
As the bright Sun that warms us from above,
Darts through the Branches of a ſhady Grove.
Your Shape, your Wit, and your engaging Air,
Your Breading and the Character you bear,
Your ſnowy Breaſts that boil above your Stays,
And Maiden Virtues that deſerve ſuch Praiſe,
Are all inviting Graces 'tis allow'd,
Enough to make the meekeſt Virgin Proud.
But ſtill you're Woman, that deceitful thing,
Whoſe Beauty's arm'd with a tormenting Sting;
Fill'd like *Pandora*'s pois'nous Box within,
With Miſeries and Plagues that lurk unſeen:

ill he that breaks you open, finds too late
His wish'd for Blessing is become his Fate.
nd that the only Curses which he fear'd,
ay hid beneath that Beauty he rever'd:
What signifies the Fairness of your Skin,
When all your Sex's Vices lodge within:
or Women differ but in Shape and Name,
ho fair without, within they're all the same;
roud, Fickle, Lustful, Treacherous and Base,
ed by no Reason, bounded by no Grace,
urs'd with the Plague of an unruly Tongue,
aught to be subtle Hypocrites when young,
y their own Mothers, that the Maid may hide
hose Faults, she soon discovers when a Bride.

Therefore *Almira* I'm alas too Wise,
o be your Slave, tho I adore your Eyes.
or Woman, tho an Angel when a Maid,
lways turns Devil in a Marriage-Bed,
hen, who that hugs the Freedom of his Life,
ould lose it for that prating thing a Wife?

Not *Strephon*, if your Charms muſt purchas'd be
At no leſs Price than that of Liberty.
I ſhall no Chapman for your Beauty prove:
I cannot Marry tho I vow I Love.
Therefore, my Dear, if I have won your Heart,
Dally no more, but play the Woman's part.
As ſuch I'll Love you, if you dare be free;
But if you think to Wed, no Wife for me.

A Good WIFE *the greateſt Happineſs: Or, the Real Comforts of Matrimony, with a Check to a* Libertine.

HOW fooliſh and how vain when young
Was I (alaſs!) to live ſo long,
Without the Charms and Bleſſings of a Bride,
By Rakes and Libertines miſled,
To falſly think a Marriage-Bed,
A dull Confinement to a Woman's Side.

But now in honour to the Fair.
Experience moves me to declare,
I ne'er could truly taſt a happy Life,
Without the kInd Endearments of a Wife.

The Freedom of a ſingle State,
Of which young Beaus and Blockheads prate.
What is that pretious Liberty they boaſt,
But Beaſtly Drinking till they're Drunk,
And Whoring on with e'ery Punk;
Till ruin'd at their own Exceſſive Coſt
Pox'd by thoſe Ladies they admire,
Who proſtitute their Charms for Hire;
And then conſuming in Venereal Flames,
Curſe the warm Favours of their Beauteous Dames.

Falſly accuſe the Female Race,
As if they, all alike, were baſe,
Becauſe their Vicious Selves have only known
Such Harlots who were bred in Stews,
And taught by Panders to diffuſe

Their early Favours thro the Luſtful Town.
Thus from their Impudence infer,
That all the Sex as wicked are.
So thoſe whoſe Eyes the Jaundice overflow,
Think others Yellow, cauſe themſelves are ſo.

Thus do vain Fops their Youth deceive,
And from their own ill Lives believe,
That all Mankind are in their Natures Lewd;
Well may they fancy ſo who ſee,
No Scenes but of Debauchery,
And Live ſuch Strangers to the wiſe and good.
The Negro who has never ſeen,
A Chriſtian Race of Whiter Men,
From his own Colour judges by Miſtake,
That all the diſtant World, like him, are black.

Unhappy Fools to be miſled,
By e'ery Common Jilt and Jade,
To think the nauſeous Favours they impart,

Can more than equal that Delight
The Marriage-Bed affords at Night,
Unſtain'd with Sin, and unimprov'd by Art,
But where ſweet Innocence unknown
To all the World but me alone,
With open Arms receives me in her Breaſt,
And yields thoſe Joys too great to be expreſt.

Marriage, with Rev'rence name the State,
'Tis honour'd by the Good and Great.
Mankind without it would to Brutes decline.
Inceſt and Sodomy ariſe
From thoſe foul Leachers who deſpiſe
That Ordinance ſo ſacred and divine.
The Wiſe would Wed, if but to ſee
A ſprightly Lawful Progeny.
For what on Earth can equal the Delight
Of Babes, like Angels, ſportiug in our ſight.

A Man's but in a Vagrant State,
Till coupl'd with a Female Mate.

Looſe and Diſſettld is his wand'ring Life.
O'er flowing Bowls he rants and roars,
Reels from his Bottles to his Whores,
Unknown to th' Bleſſings of a Virtuous Wife.
This is the Freedom giddy Fools,
Who're deaf to Reaſon and to Rules,
Value ſo much, tho all the Grave and Wiſe
Condemn their Practice, and their Joys deſpiſe.

If Happineſs conſiſts alone
In being ſpeedily undone,
And true Enjoyment in Exceſs is found,
That real Pleaſures only dwell,
In aching Head and flaming Tail;
Let Whore and Bottle then all Night go round.
If ſuch ſevere effects as theſe,
Inſtead of puniſhing can pleaſe.
Then Blockheads, Rakes and Beaus are only Bleſt,
And Marriage ought to be eſteem'd a Jeſt.

But if a ſober vertuous Life,
Fine Children and a faithful Wife,
Credit, Reſpect, Alliance and Repute,
Are real Bleſſings that the Wiſe
Believe they have juſt Cauſe to prize.
Then he that rails at Wedlock is a Brute:
For theſe Delights are no where known
But in that happy State alone,
Which ſingle Libertines like Fools diſdain,
For Sinful Pleaſures mix'd with coſtly Pain.

Then you that boaſt your Wandring State,
And think your Happineſs ſo great,
Suſpend your Cenſure of a Marry'd State,
Till Woman tempts you to be Bleſt;
Then tell me truly which is beſt,
A Rakiſh Freedom or a Loving Wife.
You've now a quite miſtaken Sence,
For want of Sweet Experience.
But when the Heavenly Station you have try'd,
You'll Bleſs the Gods for giving you a Bride.

For Marriage has a thouſand Joys,
One tempts us as another cloys,
As ſome are fading others freſh appear.
'Tis like the fragrant Orange-tree,
On whoſe delightful Boughs we ſee
Ripe charming Fruit and Bloſſoms all the Year.
Our prattling Babes and pregnant Wives
Add daily Comforts to our Lives.
And tho the Bark's full fraighted, yet at Night
'Twill kindly yield freſh Stowage for Delight.

In Anſwer to ſome Anonymous Gentlemen, &c.

ARM my bold Muſe, the Cowards bid thee draw,
With pointed Satyr kill, in ſpite of Law.
Poiſon with venom'd Ink each Dart you throw,
That e'ery Line may Wit and Malice ſhow.
Sharpen thy Verſe till it becomes as keen,
As Female Anger or Fanatick Spleen.

Whet all thy Rhimes to ſuch an Edge and Point,
That they may ſtab or cleave at leaſt a Joint,
Till e'ery galling Stroak ſhall make 'em know,
Thou'rt much too brave to fear a daſtard Foe,
Who are too Cow'rdly and too Baſe to try,
A Poet's Pow'r in open Field, but fly,
Like Sheep from Lions, fearing to engage,
And skulk in Holes from thy Poetick Rage.
There Ambuſcaded full of Envy wait.
To ſhoot their ſpitefull Darts at thoſe they hate.
So fearful *Indians* from the *Chriſtians* run,
And hide in Woods our braver Troops to ſhun;
There, by the Trunks of Lofty Cedars skreen'd,
By Foes unſeen, for Victory contend,
And from behind their Trees their poiſon'd Arrows
(ſend

Advance ye Coward, whoſoe'er you be,
That I your pale and envious Looks may ſee,
And ſit not ſafe in Armour and at Eaſe,
From danger free, and wound me as you pleaſe.

Per-

Perhaps you're fortifi'd with Pow'r and Wealth,
Got by baſe means as ſcandalous as ſtealth,
And fear in Satyr's Looking-Glaſs to ſee
Your Riſe, your Actions and your Pedigree,
Leſt to the wondring World you ſhould appear,
A new found Monſter in your Character,
Like ſome ſtrange Species gotten in a Rape,
Committed by ſome Fox upon an Ape,
Or like an Aſs made ſcandalouſly vain,
By being tagg'd and ſhagg'd with Lions Tale and Mane.

What if you're Rich and Great, I've Wings to flie,
And Pow'r to reach you tho you're ne'er ſo high.
But 'tis unfair to ſit aloft unknown,
And dart unſeen your pointed Weapons down;
So ſpiteful Tailors from their Garrets throw
Piſs-pots upon their Heads that walk below.
Let me but know your Perſon or your Name,
Your Wondrous Merits, or at leaſt your Fame,
Or that Cabal that helps you to indite,
By Vertue of whoſe Brains you Rime and Write,

And where you meet to cheriſh and exalt
Your drooping fancies over Hops and Malt.
Then if I find your Valour or your Wit,
For the ſoft Strains of Panegyrick fit,
I'll skim my barren Genius for the Cream,
And make your Vertues my illuſtr'ous Theme.
But if I find you ſcandalous and dull,
Starving, ill-natur'd and of Envy full.
Then ſhall my old Satiric Miſtreſs frown,
And ſing your Follies thro the Lift'ning Town,
Deſpiſe your Malice, your Abuſes ſcorn,
And make the Dregs of Fancy ſerve your Turn,
Whilſt your own Flatt'ries ſhall become the Sport
Of the moſt Worthy of the Britiſh *Court.*
Who when perhaps you've taken three Months Pains,
Glean'd from your Shelves, and wrack'd your own dull (Brains,
May after all your humble Bows are made,
Order ſome brawny Slave to break your Head,
And think ſo damn'd an Author very nobly paid

A ſhort Reſentment of an Ironical POEM.

Receiv'd by the Hands of Mr. Bragg.

MOmus, O why ſo peeviſh grown,
Haſt thou got all the Wit alone,
That no unhappy Muſe can be,
From thy ill-natur'd Cavils, free,
What if my worthleſs Numbers are
Too ſcanty and irregular,
My Praiſe too humble for the Theme,
My Satyr harſh to an Extream,
My Similies too wide and courſe,
My Fancy low, my Language worſe,
What's this to thee, thou do'ſt not bear
My Faults or in the Scandal ſhare,
Why do'ſt not quarrel with the Light
O'th Moon, like barking Curs at Night,
And pelt her Glories with Diſgrace,
Becauſe ſhe's ſpotted in the Face,

Or to employ thy Talent, blame
The halting Horſe for being lame,
And rail at e'ery Fool you ſee,
Perhaps not quite ſo wiſe thee,

Are you the Touch-ſtone of the Town,
That all Wit muſt be try'd upon,
Muſt none but what is firſt eſſay'd
By you, and as you pleaſe, allay'd,
Be allow'd Standard, but be thought
Too courſe, and be condemn'd for nought;
'Ts hard, leſt you can ſhew in Print,
A Patent for *Apollos*'s Mint,
Which, I muſt tell you, ought to be
Some noble Task from Error free,
At leaſt a new *Diſpenſary*,
That will our Admiration raiſe
And challenge univerſal Praiſe,
When you have prov'd yourſelf thus wiſe,
I'll take your Judgement and Advice,
But for your Councel, tho ſo kind,
I ſcarce ſhall mind it till I find

In ſomething that your ſelf has writ,
You've leſs Ill-nature and more Wit.
Can no Man laſh a Knave or Fool,
A Coward Bully or a Trul,
But you, as if you felt the Smart,
Muſt brandiſh your Ironick Dart,
To ſhew your Anger and your Art;
So if poor Satyr does but wag
His pricked Ears at City Stag;
The reſt will butt you with their Horns,
And think you've trod upon their Corns,
Altho to entertain your Muſe,
According as the Hunters uſe,
You only ſingled out and took
Of all the Herd the faireſt Buck.

But if it muſt be ſo, go on
And ſcribble till you're better known,
Then your bright Character and Fame,
Your Wit, your Virtues and your Name,
For noble Themes I'll often chuſe,
T' imbelliſh my diverting Muſe.

A new Litany *very proper to be read by a merry Society over a Glaſs of good Liquor.*

FRom a Poet that's proud of his Wit and his Parts,
From a Beauty that boaſts of her conquering Hearts
From a falſe *Iriſh* Friend who'as Averſion to Farts.

Libera nos Domine.

From a Wife that's a Scold, and a Whore that is common,
From a Puritan Guide and a Prieſt that is *Roman*,
From the Gripes of the State and the Rage of a Woman.

Libera &c.

From the Flattery of Fools and Contempt of the Wiſe
From a Sicophant's Tales and Fanatical Lies,
From a Paſtoral Wolf in a Shepherd's Diſguiſe.

Libra, &c.

From

From a prodigal Critick that always is ſnarling,
Who doats on his Muſe as a wonderful Darling,
Altho ſhe's too dull to ſupply him with Sterling.

Libera, &c.

From a talkative Coward that boaſts of his Deeds,
From a Blockhead that Credits what ever he reads,
From our Heroes at home that take Towns in their Beds.

Libera, &c.

From the Fate of offending of thoſe that defend us,
From a long Information and damn'd Inuendoes,
From the Saints that betray when they ſay they'll befriend us.

Libera, &c.

From the Rage of an upſtart fanatical Mother,
From the Spleen of an Author that envies a Brother,
Who never affronted him one way or other.

Libera, &c.

From a Knave that will fawn for his fineſter Ends,
From a Fool that foments a Diſpute among Friends,
From a Man that for Pawn-brokers Intereſt lends.

Libera, &c.

From a miſerly Cit that will brag of his Pelf,
From the Pride of a wealthy diminitive Elf.
From the Cinick that hates all the World but himſelf

Libera, &c.

From a Tryal of Wit where a Fool is the Judge,
From a grave *Radamanthus* that bears an old Grudge,
From the Care of much Wealth or becoming a Drudge.

Libera, &c.

From the Pyrating Printer that gets nothing by't,
From the Blockhead that tells me which way I ſhall (write,
From the Rimes of a Dunce full of Malice and Spite.

Libera, &c.

From

From a witty Cabal who are thirſting for Bays,
And adviſe us in Satyr to ſcribble in Praiſe,
Of a *Worthy* more fitting for them and their Lays.

Libera, &c.

From a troubleſome Howlet that hoots in the Dark,
Whoſe Poetical Fire is no more than a Spark,
From the Whelps that will bite, not from thoſe that (will bark

Libera, &c.

From an Author with Envy juſt ready to burſt,
From his wretched Epitomes damnably curſt,
Cauſe he leaves out the beſt and collects all the worſt,

Libera, &c.

From the Tale of a Tub, both in *Engliſh* and *Latin*,
With his Bagford and Bull and the Devil knows what!
To ſhew us that Fools muſt be writing or prating,

Libra, &c.]

From a Man that is rigid, when *Jack* in an Office,
From the powerful Nods of a parcel of Sophies,
From a Prodigal Tool and a petulent Novice.

Libera, &c.

From the Mercy of thoſe who had never Good Nature,
From the Power of him that's a Monarchy-Hater,
From the Frowns of a Bench and the Stings of a Satyr.

Libera, &c.

From the Saint that talks fair with Deſign to deceive,
From the Knave that does Miſchief, then laughs in his Sleeve,
From the Party whoſe Maxim is not to forgive.

Libera, &c.

From a Man that abundance of Friendſhip pretends,
Who in publick his Bounty and Kindneſs extends,
But in private converts it to Siniſter Ends.

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Libera, &c.

From the Saint that talks fair with Design to deceive,
From the Knave that does Mischief, then laughs in his Sleeve,
From the Party whose Maxim is not to forgive.

Libera, &c.

From a Man that abundance of Friendship pretends,
Who in publick his Bounty and Kindness extends,
But in private converts it to Sinister Ends.

Libera, &c.

From a Fop of Nice Honour who wears a long Sword,
That will Curſe like a Scoundrel, and huff lik a Lord,
And is ready to draw if you ſpeak a miſs Word.

Libera, &c.

From a Bottle Companion who ſwears o'er the Creature,
He is ſo much your Friend that no Man can be greater,
But as ſoon as you part turns his Love into Satyr.

Libera, &c.

From a Curſed Repeater of Verſes and Puns,
From a Pedant that's ſtuff'd with his Gerunds and Nouns
From the Pariſh Churchwardens, and Importunate Duns,

Libera, &c.

From Weavers and Tailors ſet up to be Teachers,
And Broken Fanaticks turn'd eminent Preachers.
From Sodomites, Flogſters, and ſuch ſort of Leachers.

Libera, &c.

From the Frenzy of Zeal creeping into our Brains,
From the Pox and the Prophets brought over from *France*
From depending on Friends and from dying by chance.

Libera, &c.

From the Frantick Opinions which many purſue,
From a Guide that's unlearn'd, and a Faith that is new
From believing News-Papers, as if they were true.

Libera, &c.

From the Miſerly Wretch that diſſembles and prays,
Who can temper his Conſcience all manner of ways,
And amidſt of his Villanies talk much of Grace.

Libera, &c.

From the Fangs of the Laws both the Common and (Civil,
Brom the Bounds of a Jail, and the Pennyleſs Evil,
From a Bailiff, Informer, *Umpho* and the Devil.

Libera nos Domine.

To that Celebrated Idol, Mammon, *Chief Governor of Men's Conſciences; and both Spiritual and Temporal Lord of all* Chriſtendom.

MAmmon, thou Heatheniſh Oar, but Chriſtian (Lord,
By Saints and Sinners equally ador'd,
Thy pow'rful Charms with Gladneſs we Obey,
For thee we labour, and for thee we pray.
When e'er thy Luſtre does our ſight ſurpriſe,
It dazzles both our Reaſon and our Eyes,
Makes ſtubborn Conſcience vary from thoſe Rules,
Imbib'd from Pulpits, or deriv'd from Schools,
And with entire Submiſſion condeſcend,
To graſp and hug thee as her ſurer Friend;
So wicked Man, by Beauty's Charms decoy'd,
Leaves, for the tempting Miſs, his Faithful Bride.

Vir-

Virtue, tho ne'er ſo rigid or ſevere,
Starts from her narrow Paths when you appear.
No longer can your Conq'ring Force diſpute,
But falls at once your humble Proſtitute.
Honour and Valour which ſo oft unite,
And make (as Fools believe) the Hero fight,
Would thro no Dangers wade, or Wonders do,
Leſt tempted on and influene'd by you.
'Tis not for Laurels, or for Windy Fame,
Triumphant Arches, or a Glorious Name,
That bluſtring Heroes arm with Sword and Shield,
And try the Battle in the wreaking Field:
But 'tis alaſs for *Mammon* they contend;
Mammon, the Cauſe, the Sinews and the End.
Without thy Aid no Wars would be begun,
No Feuds ariſe, or Quarrels carry'd on:
But e'ery Diſcord in a trice would ceaſe,
And all Mankind unite in Love and Peace.
But ſince from *Guiney* thou haſt croſs'd the Line,
And do'ſt from *Afric* Mines in *Europe* ſhine;
The Chriſtian World thy Heath'niſh Charms adore,
Make thee the Ballance of Terreſtrial Pow'r:

And now thou art adorn'd with Royal Face,
And made ſo Holy as to wears God's Grace:
By Modern Saints thou'rt Worſhipp'd more by half,
Than that old Idol, *Aaron*'s Golden Calf.
It is for thee that Men ſuch Hazzards run;
And by thy Aid that Victories are won:
In ſhort, without thee nothing can be done.

'Tis for thy ſake that *Partizans* contend,
Whatever's the Pretence thou'rt ſtill the end:
And tho Religion, Liberty and Laws,
Are made by cunning Heads the ſpecious Cauſe;
Yet when aſpiring Parties diſagree,
Their Hearts and Eyes are fixt alone on thee;
And thoſe that have thee moſt at their Command,
Are ſure at length to have the upper hand.
Thou art the true Palladium of the Town,
That warms the Saint, the Hero and the Clown.
In thee their Safety chiefly they repoſe,
And for thy ſake fight keenly with their Foes.
But ſhould thy 'nſpiring Preſence be withdrawn,
The Party which before you ſhin'd upon,

Their Swords and Targets from their Hands would (throw,
And ſoon become poor ſpirited and low.
For Pay and Plunder make the Soldier bold,
And when thoſe Hopes are fled the Hero's cold;
Who, when no Proſpect but of Want appears,
Changes his ſide, or elſe declines the Wars.
None will a deſp'rate Enterprize purſue,
Longer than Glorious *Mammon* is in view:
And tho a Heathen God, thou'rt now become
The only Idol of all *Chriſtendom*.

Tho Beauty charms us, 'tis for Gold we wed,
That draws both Sexes to the Marriage-bed:
Tho ne'er ſo fair and tempting, when we find
No Golden Angels to her Graces join'd,
The Virgin's ſlighted and the Match declin'd.

The whining Zealot who from Church diſſents,
Follows not Conſcience, but the powerful Pence;
Makes pious Gold the Standard of his Faith,
And chuſes for himſelf the gainfull'ſt Path.

So varies from the Truth, and runs aſtray,
To Worſhip Heav'n, the profitableſt way:

Nor does the ſordid Lay-man pay alone,
His Slaviſh Homage to the Golden Throne
Of *Pluto*, but the grave Diſſenting Guide
By a rich Living eaſily is decoy'd,
To change his Faith, his Doctrine, and his Side.

In ſhort, the Great, the Good, the Wiſe, the Juſt
Thoſe whom we Love the moſt, and thoſe we truſt,
Will all be influenc'd by the Pow'r of Gold,
To chuſe new Friends, and to betray the old.
Could I two Votes obtain, one Wiſh ſhould be,
That Gold from Humane Sight ſhould baniſh'd be;
To its Infernal Mines again return,
And there lie bury'd in its Native Urn.

F I N I S.

THE

Diverting MUSE,

OR, THE

Universal Medly.

Written by a Society of Merry Gentlemen, for the Entertainment of the Town

The Sixth PART.

Consisting of,

On the Death of Mr Clark, *Organist at St* Paul's, *who shot himself.* *An* Ode.

More Sound than Substance. *A* Paradox.

The Anathma, *or a Curse upon the Nation's Enemies.*

The desponding Wig. *A* Song.

The Philosopher and the Cuckold. *A* Dialogue.

Short Reflections upon old Age; or, Good Advice to the grunting Miser.

The Lover in the right; or, the ready way to form Pain into Pleasure.

The Sea-Fight; or, the French *Prize taken.* *A* Ballad.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Paternoster-row*, 1707.

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[illegible] Sabbatum. A Paradox.

The Anathema, or a Curse upon the Nuisible Premier.

The Defending Lady. A Song.

The [illegible] the Cuckold. A Tumbling.

[illegible] Good Addition to the [illegible].

The [illegible] Fair into Flanders.

The Sea-Eglis [illegible]. A Ballad.

[illegible]

Printed, and Sold by [illegible] the Rose in Ruth-[illegible], [illegible]

ON THE

DEATH

OF

Mr *Clark*, Organiſt

At St PAULS.

Who lately Shot himſelf. An ODE.

MOurn all ye Brethren of the String,
Prepare at once to Weep and Sing,
Tune your ſoft Lyres and ſtrain your warbling Throats,
That liſt'ning Ears may hear the Praiſe
Of *England*'s Orpheus and his Charming Lays,
Set forth in your Harmonious Notes,
The Great *Amphion* of the Age,
The Soul of Muſick and the Life of Song;

Deſpiſing the Terreſtrial Stage,
Thought he had liv'd too long;
Where none from jarring Diſcords can be free,
And therefore blindly ſought a calm Eternity.

Tell how his nimble Fingers mov'd
Upon the yielding Keys,
Whilſt Men and Angels equally approv'd,
His melting Strains, which could no leſs than pleaſe,
Thoſe pious Souls who lov'd,
Such Muſick that inſpir'd the Mind with Peace,
But now no more ſhall we be bleſt,
With the ſoft Touches of that pow'rfull Hand,
Which ſent his Soul to reſt;
Who did all Harmony Command,
That could beneath the Heavens be expreſt,
To raiſe Devotion in his Native Land.
Yet jarring Diſcord made him court his Death,
And put a fatal ſtop to his harmonious Breath.

So the old *Romans* Wiſe and Brave,
By their Example taught,
'Twas eaſier to embrace the Grave,
Than bear the ſtabbing Force of anxious Thought.
The Diſappointments of the Field,
Where Lawrels grow, with Blood manur'd.
Are worſe than being kill'd,
To the undaunted Breaſt innur'd,
To the deſtructive Sword,
And the defenſive Shield.
So the great Soul harmoniouſly compos'd,
Only made fit to entertain
Sweet Muſick's Art by Heaven diſclos'd,
To elevate the Thoughts of Men;
If once with Worldly Cares oppreſt,
It Labours to expire,
And Courts the trembling Hand to give it reſt,
That when its unconfin'd
From Fleſh and Blood to which 'tis join'd,
It then may mount in ſearch of the Celeſtial Quire.

So fell *Great Britain's* Orpheus in his Rage,
When Furies in his Breaſt began to howl,
And Cares that wait on Life's uncertain Stage,
Had quite untun'd his Soul;
Who hating Diſcord, could not bear
The Troubles of a tortur'd Mind,
Skill'd only in harmonious Air,
And quite avers'd to Care,
That oft afflicts the beſt of Humane Kind;
But when he found his ſtrugling Breaſt
With inſupportable Remorſe oppreſt,
Such that could only have its Riſe
From wanton Love or ſtubborn Vice,
He clapp'd Death's fatal Engine to his Head,
And hoping for eternal Reſt.
Conquer'd thoſe Vipers in his Conſcience bred,
And with himſelf, ſhot all the ſtinging Fantoms dead

Mourn all ye Songſters of St *Pauls*,
That fill the tuneful Quire,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

And with your Anthems bleſs the ſacred Walls,
Whilſt your ſoft Accents do inſpire,
With Heavenly Thoughts our humble Souls,
Learn of the Prophet † to lament,
His Nameſake's rigid Fate,
Such Pow'rful Words to Muſick bent,
Would make his Epicedium Great,
Tho his raſh *Exit* no Applauſe can raiſe,
Becauſe no Chriſtian can his Courſe approve,

Yet his fam'd Skill commands our Praiſe,
And his Misfortune muſt our Pity move,
Both are but Tributes which we ought to pay,
To injur'd Merit that miſtakes the way.
But who can Man's weak Reaſon blame,
For proving ſuch a treacherous Guide,
Since Men of univerſal Fame
For Learning have upheld the ſame;
And after the ſame manner ſtep'd aſide;

---

† Mr Clark's *Chriſtian Name was* Jeremiah.

Creech oncean Honour to our *Engliſh* Schools,
Well skill'd in Philoſophick Rules,
Who dreſs'd *Lucretius* in our Native Tongue,
Tho a Divine, he juſtify'd
The Freedom of ſelf Homicide,
And as a fatal Proof himſelf he hung.
Numbers as wiſe and learn'd as he,
By ſundry ways have let us ſee
They've thought their Lives too long;
Why thereſore ſhould our Hands and Eyes
Be lifted up aloft,
As if it fill'd us with Surprize,
That a Muſician ſhould be once ſo ſoft,
Since he that ſtudies to exert
Himſelf in Muſick's tuneful Art,
May eaſily be miſ-led,
By the ſtrange Crotchets in his Head
To act the Tragick Part.
Let us not therefore wonder at his Fall,
Since 'twas not ſo unnatural
For him who liv'd by Canon † to expire by Ball.

† *Muſick ſo call'd, much us'd in Churches.*

M

More Sound than Substance.

A PARADOX.

WHat's that which wise Men highly do approve,
And Fools who understand it not, admire,
That truly merits universal Love,
Yet often sets the giddy World on Fire.

All Christian Nations Reverence its Name,
It often makes the Greatest Princes bow,
Nay *Turks* and *Jews* its Excellence proclaim,
And to its wholesome Laws Obedience vow.

Tis of more Value than the finest Gold,
Or *Eastern* Diamonds from the *Indies* brought,
Therefore too precious to be bought or sold,
Yet every Man is welcome to't for nought.

The King, the Queen, the Cobler and his Dame,
All equally may ſhare the happy Prize,
Both Sexes have a Title to the ſame,
But thoſe that have the moſt, ſtill need ſupplies.

Tho Day and Night we labour to encreaſe
The inſufficient Stock we had before,
Yet the wide World has ne'er a jot the leſs,
For any one poor Mortal's having more.

By Policy 'tis made the main ſupport,
Of Empires, Kingdoms, and of Common Weals,
Yet thro ill Management it oft does hurt,
And makes as many Breaches as it heals.

Princes and mighty Men in Pow'r and Poſt,
Who Lord it over this Terreſtial Ball,
Would fain be thought by Fools to have the moſt,
Yet ſhew too often they have none at all.

Nay, ſome of Learning, Gravity and Note,
Who cock their grizly Beards above the Crowd,
Tho by it rais'd aloft would cut its Throat,
When to preſerve it they have ſtrictly vow'd.

The Frape adore it as their greateſt Good,
Yet know not what it is no more than Geeſe,
It's never throughly ſettled but by Blood,
And yet it is the Soul of downy Peace.

The giddy Crowd upon the leaſt Alarms,
Fly to their Weapons to defend its Cauſe,
And Millions for its ſake have dy'd by Arms,
Who never in their Lives knew what it was.

Nay, Reprobates and Clowns that ne'er had Sence,
Of the great Bleſſings which to all it brings,
Have ventur'd further in its juſt Defence.
Than the moſt Wiſe and Greateſt of our Kings.

No Man without it truly can be bleſt,
But very few regard it as they ſhou'd,
Yet all Mankind are ready to conteſt
Its Truth, with th' utmoſt hazard of their Blood.

The wicked'ſt Mortal will have ſome pretence
To crowd himſelf beneath its holy Wing,
And when he's guilty of the worſt Offence,
Diſarms thereby his Conſcience of its Sting.

Tho good it ſelf, 'tis often made a Cloak
To skreen the Malice of the worſt of Men,
Who uſe it ill on purpoſe to provoke
The Good, who ſtrictly do its Laws maintain.

Aſpiring Knaves to ſoar a greater height,
Oft by its means ſet Kingdoms in a Flame,
And by diſputing its Eternal Light,
Baſely accompliſh their unlawful Aim.

Mechanicks uſe it as a Thing of coarſe,
And follow it for Gain or Faſhion's ſake,
Wed it to fill the Vacuum of a Purſe,
As Men do Women for their Fortune's take.

Thoſe who are vow'd Supporters of its Cauſe,
And on their Backs the ſacred Liv'ry wear,
Too oft for Int'reſt ſake tranſgreſs its Laws,
And ſhame it with thoſe Ills they ſhould forbear.

Some uſe it as a Whetſtone to their Swords,
That they, with keener Edge, their Foes may kill,
In cruel Battle, which they call the Lord's,
To baſely ſanctify the Blood they ſpill.

Some in external Looks the Jewel wear,
To ſhew the World how they eſteem the ſame,
Tho all the outward Reverence they bear
Is meant not to the thing but to its Name.

Stateſmen oft uſe it as the beſt of Tools,
To work their ends with the believing Crowd;
And crying up its Name, delude the Fools,
To think the worſt of Men divinely good.

He that about it makes the greateſt noiſe,
And clamours for its ſafety without need;
As ſurely as he raiſes up his Voice,
In Agitation has ſome wicked Deed.

Like *Æſop*'s Tongues, it is the beſt and worſt,
It yields us good when rightly 'tis employ'd,
But when we uſe it ill we are accurſt,
And by what's meant to ſave us, are deſtroy'd.

For it oft raiſes bitter Feuds and Jars,
Yet oft preſerves our Peace to make amends,
And tho 'tis made the common Cauſe of Wars,
'Twas given to Mankind to make 'em Friends.

Then

Then tell me, pious Reader, if you can,
What 'tis insulting Tyrants make their Sport,
And whether to the present State of Man,
As now 'tis us'd it does most Good or Hurt.

The ANATHEMA; *or, a* Curse *upon the* Nation's Enemies.

CUrse on the Authors of our present Woes,
Whether they're Magpy wing'd or black as Crows,
Whether they're Eagle Ey'd, Nos'd like a Hawk,
Yielding as Down, or stubborn as a Rock,
Whether their native Wool they only wear,
Or that the Wolves in foreign Skins appear,
Whether obscurely, or in publick Great,
Shelter'd in Church, or honour'd in the State,
Whether a mighty Legion or a few,
A blind, mistaken or a wilful Crew,

Whe-

Whether *Whigs*, *Jacobites*, *High Church* or *Low*,
Guided by the right, or miſ-led by *F*——;
Curſe on 'em all that lend an helping Hand,
To th' Spoil and Ruin of their Native Land,
Living or dead, may none eſcape their due,
But Divine Vengeance ſtill their Guilt purſue,
That thoſe whoſe Avarice brings Crowds to ſtarve,
May never fail to ſhare what they deſerve,
If Living, may ſuch ſhame their Crimes reward,
That may remain for ever on Record,
Unraz'd, unblotted, that their Sons may ſee,
Written at large, their Father's Infamy,
To th' Scandal of their curſs'd Poſterity.
May they become a Sacrifice to th' Hate
And Rage of thoſe that raiſs'd 'em to be Great;
May thoſe they moſt confide in as their Friends,
Prove treach'rous and betray them to their ends;
Nay, thoſe who at their plentious Tables feed,
That cringe for Gifts and flatter them for Bread,
On whom their Favours, chiefly they beſtow,
May they alone contrive their overthrow,

And prove the firſt that ſhall the means invent,
To bring you to Diſgrace and Puniſhment,
Beneath which Fate, may you unpitty'd fall,
By ſome inſulted, and condemn'd by all,
Thus may old *Hammond*'s Gallows be your Fate,
That your Examples, tho ſome years too late,
May caution others how they prove unjuſt,
And to their Country's Ruin wrong their Truſt.

If dead, at Midnight may their Spirits riſe,
And with their gaſtly Looks their Friends ſurprize,
Viſit by turns their Agents of their Pride,
And thoſe that made them wicked e'er they dy'd,
With doleful Groans theirf rightful Ears purſue,
And bid 'em give to *Caſar* what is due;
With threat'ning Woes diſturb their Reſt each Night,
And haunt 'em till they do the Publick Right,
Thus reſtleſs, for the crying Wrongs they've done,
May their Souls wander tho their Sands are run.

And their vile Duſt by wicked Hands be torn
From their cloſe Urns, and made the People's Scorn,
Be toſs'd, like worthleſs Rubbiſh, up and down,
For every common Foot to tread upon,
Till their curſs'd Aſhes undiſtinguiſh'd fly,
Like Atoms, 'twixt the Surface and the Sky,
And as they're raiſs'd and ſcatter'd by the Wind,
Strike, as they mount, ſurviving Traytors blind;
O! what eternal Curſe can be too Great,
For thoſe who thro Exceſs of Pride or Hate,
Reduce their Native Country to a wretched State.

The deſponding Whig. A SONG.

WHen Owles are ſtrip'd of their Diſguiſe,
And Wolves of Shepherd's Cloathing.
Thoſe Birds and Beaſts that pleaſe our Eyes,
Will then beget our loathing.

When

When Foxes tremble in their Holes,
At Dangers that they ſee,
And thoſe we think ſo wiſe prove Fools,
Then low Boys, down go we.

If thoſe Deſigns abortive prove
We've been ſo long in hatching,
And cunning Knaves are forc'd to move
From Home for fear of catching;
The Rabble ſoon will change their Tone,
When our Intrigues they ſee,
And cry God ſave the Church and Throne,
Then low Boys, down go we.

The *Weaver* then no more muſt leave
His Loom and turn a Preacher,
Nor with his Cant poor Fools deceive
To make himſelf the richer,
Our Leaders ſoon would diſappear,
If ſuch a Change ſhould be,

Our Scriblres, too would ſtink for Fear,
Then low Boys, down go we.

No *Camiſars* would dare to ſhew
Their Poſtures and Grimaces,
Or Proph'ſy what they never knew,
By dint of ugly Faces,
But ſhove the Tumbler thro the Town,
And quickly baniſh'd be,
For none muſt teach without a Gown,
Then low Boys, down go we.

If ſuch unhappy Days ſhould come
Our Vertue, Moderation,
Would ſurely be repaid us home,
With double Compenſation,
For as we never could forgive,
I fear we then ſhould ſee,
That what we lent we muſt receive,
Then low Boys, down go we.

Should honeſt Brethren once diſcern
  Our Knav'ries, they'd diſown us,
And bubbl'd Fools more Wit ſhould learn,
  The Lord have Mercy on us;
Let's guard againſt that evil Day,
  Leaſt ſuch a time ſhould be,
And Tackers ſhould come into Play,
  Then low Boys, down go we.

Tho hitherto we've plaid our Parts,
  Like wary cunning Foxes,
And gain'd the Common People's Hearts.
  By broaching Het'rodoxes,
But they're as fickle as the Winds,
  With nothing long agree,
And when they change their wav'ring Minds,
  Then low Boys, down go we.

Let's Preach and Pray, but Spit our Gall
  On thoſe that do oppoſe us,

And Cant of Grace in ſpite of all,
The Shame the Devil owes us,
The Juſt, the Loyal, and the Wiſe,
With us ſhall Papiſts be,
For if the *High Church* once ſhould riſe,
Then *Low Church*, down go we.

The Philoſopher *and the* Cuckold. A DIALOGUE.

HOw is't, my Friend, what's matter now,
Why grate thy Teeth and knit thy Brow;
Thou ſit'ſt as ſtupid and as dull,
As if thy Wits were gath'ring Wool,
Or that thou wert delirious grown,
In ſearch of Philoſophick Stone.

[Cuckold

Cuckold.

Damn the old Rules of *Ariſtotle*,
And all his Philoſophick Prattle,
Confound all Stones, and e'ery Whore,
That has a pair yet luſts for more:
Would I had been an Eunoch born,
Or young, they'd from my Loins been torn,
Leaſt I'd been hung all o're with Charms,
As fam'd *Briarius* was with Arms,
Sufficient to have tam'd the Luſt
Of Woman, and have kept her juſt.

Friend.

Hey day, I'd have you ſhave and bleed,
For now I find you're mad indeed,
Prithee what means this raving Fit,
Are you turn'd Fool or Bedlamite,
Has all your Coſtly *Oxford* Breeding,
Your painful Study and your reading,

Your long Scholaſtick Exerciſing.
Diſputing and Philoſophiſing,
Brought you at laſt to this Condition,
That needs a Mad-houſe and Phyſician,
Prithee be free and let me know,
What a Pox 'tis diſturbs thee ſo,
Perhaps ſome old Venereal Tumor
I'th' Groin has put thee out of Humour.

Cuckold.

The Pox is but a gentle Curſe,
Z——s, I'm a Cuckold, Sir, that's worſe,
A Ram, a Stag, a Buck, a Bull,
A humane Beaſt, a Woman's Fool,
The moſt abus'd of marry'd Cullies,
A laughing ſtock for Beaus and Bullies,
A Monſter with a forked Noddle,
A Ninconpoop, a Tom-a-doodle,
The Women's common Table-talk,
Pointed and hiſs'd at as I walk,

Blood, who can bear it now its known,
Yet who can help it when its done,

Friend.

Is this alone the mighty Matter,
That ſo diſturbs your Manly Nature,
And cannot all your Reaſon Maſter
Such a poor trifling Diſaſter,
Art thou the Man that us'd to treat us,
With Leſſons out of *Epictetus*,
And well inſtruct us how to bear
The ſharpeſt Edge of humane Care,
And now to ſhrink beneath the common
Miſcarriages of fickle Woman;
Why art not angry with ſome Novice,
For dunging in thy Houſe of Office,
And run diſtracted, cauſe its free
To eaſe thy Friends as well as thee;

I know you prize your ſilver Bowl,
Why does not that torment thy Soul,
Becauſe it does ſo often join.
With others Lips as well as thine;
For ſhame, let no ſuch ſlip 'moleſt
The Native Freedom of your Breaſt,
Or Failings of a Woman's Tail,
O'er thy Philoſophy prevail;
They are looſe airy, wanton Things,
All over Prickles, Thornes and Stings,
Which Beaus and Fools miſtake for Charms,
But once decoy'd into their Arms,
They find the pointed Plagues within,
Soon wound 'em thro the ſattin Skin;
So he that ſnatches from the ſide
Of merry Maid or wanton Bride,
A Pincuſheon, when he's inclin'd
To Waggery, perhaps may find

The point of ſome old crooked Pin,
Or ruſty Needle hid within;
Thus you may ſee the Things they wear,
Will oft diſcover what they are;
Therefore it is beneath a Man
Of Wit to murmer and complain,
Becauſe his *Phillis* does purſue
The ſame that other Women do;
Your Caſe is common, never vex,
The Creature is but like her Sex;
Believe me, you've no other courſe,
But as ſhe's bad to think her worſe,
Then let her Actions be ſo baſe,
As to ſhame all the Female Race,
It will be no ſurprize to know
She's bad, becauſe you thought her ſo.

Cuckold.

I own your Doctrines very good,
But yet methinks no Fleſh and Blood

Can wiſely frame a happy Life,
Beneath the Inſults of a Wife,
Beſides the Noiſe of common Fame,
That ſpreads and publiſhes the Shame,
And ſo improves the odious Curſe,
That every Mouth ſtill makes it worſe,
Therefore what Mortal Man can bear
Diſgrace that haunts him e'ery where.

Friend.

He that wants Courage to defy
The Venom of the Common Cry,
Wants Wiſdom to conſult his Eaſe,
And to preſeree his Mind in Peace:
For he that has it in his pow'r
To live contented and ſecure,
And wanting foreſight, cannot ſee
The lucky Opportunity,
But lets his Happineſs depend,
On's his Wife, the Publick, or a Friend,

Is always ſure to be a Slave
To th' Errors both of Fool and Knave,
And to be plagu'd, if not undone,
By Others Faults beſides his own.
Who then would interrupt his reſt,
And like an Ideot, live unbleſt
By Women's Sins, or Friends deceit,
Since all the World, is but a Cheat:
Or let the Rabbles vile Reproach,
Your noble Mind affect or touch,
Since all the Scandal they can throw,
'S not yours, except you make it ſo.
Cuckold what is't, a ſilly Name,
Invented by ſome merry Dame;
A common Word, from Wife to Wife,
Intail'd upon a Marry'd Life,
And therefore can be no diſgrace,
Becauſe 'tis every Husbands Caſe.
Prieſts, Aldermen, May'rs, Knights and Nobles,
All Men are Women's Fools and Bubbles;

Except the Wife, who ſoar above
The humble thoughts of ſervile Love,
And never vex their peaceful Mind,
Whether their Wives are croſs or kind;
But ſcorn that Woman's Tongue or Tail,
Should o'er their happineſs prevail.

Be wiſe, my Friend, like one of theſe,
Be your own Maſter of your Eaſe;
Scorn that the Vices of a Wife
ſhould ſtorm the quiet of your Life.
Let her Whore on till her Debauches,
Has brought her rotten Limbs to Crutches;
Or that her Eyes ſo much admir'd,
By whoſe falſe Light the Fools are fir'd,
Drop from their Sockets; or her Noſe
Falls from the Centre where it grows.
What's this to thee, do thou take care
You do not in her Miſ'ries ſhare;

But keep your Breaſt from Pity free,
And let your temper conſtant be.
Let not her Vices touch your Mind,
Do you be Vertuous, and you'l find,
By peaceful Thoughts well diſciplin'd,
More Bleſſings to your Soul reveal'd
Than all the outward World can yield:
But if the Vices of your Wife,
Aae ſuffer'd to torment your Life;
You're doom'd to Grief and Melancholy,
And damn'd Alive by your own Folly.

Short Reflections upon Old Age, or Good Advice to the Grunting MISER.

WHY how now, Old Grandſir, what is it you (mean,
Will you live till you're change to an Infant again;

'Tis

'Tis a ſhame at theſe Years you ſhould hoard up your (Bags,
And diſſemble your Wealth in your greaſy old Rags,
Whilſt your Children and Kindred all greedily wait,
To be bleſt with the Joyful News of your Fate.
You have ſtretch'd out your Span to a wonderful length,
Till your Senſes all fail you, as well as your ſtrength;
All your Teeth have been long tumbled out of their (Sockets,
And your Eyes for an Age have been worn in your (Pockets.
You're as Deaf as an Adder, and nothing can hear,
But a hoop or a hollow forc'd into your Ear:
You're ſo numb'd, and ſo frozen with Age and Decay,
And your Corps ſuch a Lump of Inanimate Clay,
That a Virgin's ſoft Hand would not comfort your (Heart;
Tho 'twas warmly apply'd to your tendereſt part;
Your Lungs have not Breath enough left for a Whiſtle,
And you mumble your Words as an Aſs does a Thiſtle.

Your

Your Brains are conſum'd, and your Faculties fled,
And as now you ſit moaping, your reverend Head,
Like a *Michaelmas* Tree, does its Ornament ſhed.
Since your State's ſo unhappy, what Eaſe can you find
Upon Earth for your impotent Body, or Mind;
And if you're uneaſy, I pray tell us why,
When you live in ſuch Pain you're unwilling to dye:
But your Money, you ſay, is the prevalent Bait
That invites you to live in ſo wretched a ſtate.
If thy Wealt be the Curſe that deludes thee to dwell
Upon Earth in ſuch fear of thy Funeral Knell,
Fling thy Judgments aſide, and thy Coin to the Devil;
Tis the Miſer that makes it the Root of all Evil;
Or at leaſt let it fly to thy Children and Friends,
E'er, in ſpight of thy Teeth, it among 'em deſcends;
And let thoſe thou haſt wrong'd have a Competent ſhare;
That the reſt, without Curſes, may fall to thy Heir;
Yet be ſure ſave enough that thou may'ſt not depend
On the kindneſs of Children, or love of thy Friend,

Such an Income that's neither too ſcanty, or large,
But enough to live well, and for Funeral Charge;
And when this you have done, you will certainly find,
You'll be freed from the ſtings of a troubleſome Mind,
That you better may think of your Ultimate Home,
And prepare, againſt Death, for the Kingdom to come.

The Lover in the Right: Or, The ready way to turn Pain into Pleaſure.

WHY *Chloe* ſhould we live in Pain,
When we might happy be,
And wiſh, like fearful Fools, in vain
For what we might with eaſe obtain,
Could we but both agree.

Why do we Love, and yet defy
Thoſe Bleſſinngs that we want,
Why hope and wiſh, and yet deny,
And ſtill delay the mutual Joy,
which we have pow'r to grant.

You think it's dangerous to the Soul,
I do the ſame believe;
But who'd not Sacrifice his All,
And like a Gen'rous *Adam* fall,
With ſuch a Beauteous *Eve*.

Whoever Loves ſhould ſcorn to fear
The ſhadows of the Mind,
No more would they torment us here,
But fly away and diſappear,
Would you but once be kind.

Chorus.

For the Fears that have made us unhappy ſo long,
I am often convinc'd are no more than a Cheat
By our Parents impos'd when we're fooliſh and Young,
And that Love is a God that explodes the Deceit.

The SEA-FIGHT: *Or, The* French *Prize taken.* A BALLAD.

TO your Quarters, my Lads, we are now within ſhot,
Let your Guns be all looſe in their Tackle,
Your Ports be knock'd open, and e'ery thing got,
In a right ready order for Battle.
See, ſee, that the Decks and the Gun-room be clear,
And take care that your Matches be lighted,
Tho' ſhe boldly bears down, ſhe ſhall find when ſhe's near
That we Bold *Brittans* ſcorn to be frighted.

Up noiſe of Trumpets, be brisk, hail our Prile,
Hark ſhe anſwers again with her Trumpets,
She's reſolv'd to engage, to the Windward ſhe plys,
See her Colours are out and her Drum beats.
Hold faſt jolly Gunner, let Monſieur begin,
We are able, my Boys, to receive him,
If he galls us at firſt, when we get him cloſe in,
We will make him ſubmit e'er we leave him.

Chear up, Golden Boys, we are never the worſe,
Tho' ſhe's pour'd in a Broad-ſide upon us;
She only has rak'd us a little, no force,
Jolly Lads, have the Enemy done us,
Their turn ſhall be next, Port eaſy, edge nigh her,
Be ſure bear your Guns to a tittle,
God give us good luck, and now Gunner give fire,
Zounds Starboard, now ſhear off a little.

Huzza, my good Lads, that was done to our Mind,
She's our own, we ſhall certainly have her;

See, ſee, ſhe bears up with a ſtiff gale of Wind,
That her Leaks may be ſtopp'd which we gave her.
Port, Port, for ſhe ſhoots ahead from us apace,
Hoiſt the Topſail and bear briskly after,
Now Gunner with good ſtore of Langril and Caſe,
Let the Guns be all loaded for Slaughter.

Thus, thus, keep her thus, well ſteer'd, my good Boys,
I find we ſhall ſoon be upon her;
Now Lads for the Gold that's Aboard of the Prize,
It will all be your own when you've won her.
Port eaſy, edge tow'rds her, and run up her ſide,
Now under our Lee we have got her,
As ſtout as ſhe ſeems, we ſhall humble her Pride,
Now Gunner give fire and have at her.

See, ſee, how the Enemy lye heads and points,
Our ſhot have done great Execution;
We have ſhatter'd their Limbs, and ſo mangled their (Joints,
That they are all in a Bloody Confuſion.

Now Board 'em, my Lads, ſee you Laſhes are clear,
Huzza, and Couragiouſly enter,
I hope we ſhall find e'ery *Brittan* that's here,
Will be bold in ſo brave an Adventure.

How they hide between Decks, by their skulking they (ſhow,
That the *French* are but puny Bravadoes;
Wounds cut up her Hatches, and ply 'em below,
With your Stinkpots and hand Granadoes.
Avaſt, they ſubmit and cry out for their Lives,
Good Quarter we're ready to grant ye,
If you'll lay down your Arms, and come out of your (Hives,
And obey me as I ſhall Command ye.

Yea, yea we ſurrender, Then haul down your Sails,
And furl 'em without Oppoſition;
For he that crys Quarter, and after rebels,
Shall be hang'd without any Compaſſion.
Now looſe all your Laſhings and ſhear off the Ship,
We are clear, go and hoiſt out the Shallop,

Bring

Bring the Priſ'ners on Board, but not load her too deep,
Leaſt the Ocean ſhould ſwallow ye all up.

Before you take care of the Captain and thoſe
In Commiſſion, and civilly uſe 'em,
For tho' they are Priſ'ners, as well as our Foes,
'Tis beneath *Britiſh* Souls to abuſe 'em.
Good Fortune to them the Succeſs might have gave,
Let us therefore reſpectfully treat 'em;
For tho' they are Conquer'd, they yet may be brave,
Tho' but Cowards to thoſe that have beat 'em.

How chear yee, my Lads, is not this Jolly Sport,
See how Fortune invites you to fight on,
Stand in with our Prize to the next merry Port,
Tow her in for the honour of *Brittan*.
Now ſling up the Bowl, bring an Anchor of *Nantz*,
Let the Doctor thank God for his Mercies,
Then we'll drink the Queen's Health to our Captives of (*France*,
With a *French* Man of War at our Arſes.

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F I N I S.